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JOHN BULL EDITORIAL

Sanity and death

DID JOHN THOMAS STRAFFEN know that he was strangling a little girl and not merely squeezing an orange? And, if so, did he know that it was wrong morally or legally?

That was the graphic illustration of the McNaghten Rules used by Mr. Justice Cassels at Straffen's recent trial at Winchester.

It sounds a simple test. It is. But is it too simple?

The McNaghten Rules, governing insanity in crime, were drawn up in 1843 after Daniel McNaghten killed the Prime Minister's secretary.

He had thought he was killing the Premier, Sir Robert Peel, against whom he had imaginary grievances, and was acquitted as insane.

Public opinion was aroused and even Queen Victoria expressed her dissatisfaction. So the "Rules" were drawn up by the Judges of High Court in answer to questions from the House of Lords.

THE Rules have been the authority for the 109 years since. During that century great advances have taken place in our knowledge of the workings of the mind.

Doctors agree that there is such a thing as an "uncontrollable impulse": when a man may know that what he is doing is wrong but some really uncontrollable impulse drives him to it. The British Medical Association has pleaded that such a defence should be acknowledged.

The McNaghten Rules stand in the way.

Again, what about the plea of "diminished responsibility"? A man may not be insane in the full legal sense, but he may still suffer from an affliction of the mind to make him responsible in only a lesser degree for his act. The Scottish courts accept this.

But in England the McNaghten Rules again stand in the way.

MANY lawyers believe that if Straffen had been tried in Scotland the verdict at the very most would have been manslaughter, not murder. For Straffen's abnormality has been made quite clear.

"No one disputes that he is feeble-minded," said the Solicitor-General, who prosecuted. "All the doctors agree about that. But, as medical witnesses pointed out, feeble-mindedness does not mean imbecility or insanity."

So Straffen, who was declared a mental defective at the age of nine, and who was found unfit to plead two years ago after he confessed to killing two little girls at Bath, was found guilty of murder and sentenced to hang.

YET, after the judge and jury and higher courts have solemnly dealt with the case, the McNaghten Rules by which they stand are often made meaningless by the Home Secretary's private inquiry.

This is conducted by his own expert medical advisers to decide whether a man's affliction is of such a degree as to justify the exercise of the Royal prerogative of mercy—which means confinement instead of the rope.

The fantastic fact is that these experts do not and need not restrict themselves to the McNaghten Rules.

A MURDERER may fail to prove insanity according to the Rules, but the Home Secretary's report can save him from the ultimate penalty.

The public, whose anxieties were greatly roused by the horrors of the Straffen killings, is both dissatisfied and gravely disturbed by the present anomalies.

NOW, the issue is plain. Can our tests of legal insanity be justified in the light of present medical knowledge?

The ordinary man cannot answer for himself. It is a matter for thorough expert examination and reconsideration.

An official inquiry should be set going without delay.

The question is not one of mere legal technicality. It is a question of fundamental human decency.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

SOME of the girls in this painting by A. R. Thomson, R.A., may be famous one day. All are pupils of the Arts Educational Schools, which have trained many a stage and ballet star. Glynis Johns and Margaret Lockwood are Old Girls of this Mayfair school; John Gilpin, ballet star, is an ex-pupil. The latest claimant to success is Carol Wolveridge, aged twelve, the amazing child-actress now playing in the spine-chilling drama, *The Innocents*.

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SEPTEMBER 13, 1952 VOL. 92 NUMBER 2411 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

Free Speech

Girl friends without tears

NOT for a moment did I think of marrying the girl I had known and taken on dates for two years. We were just good friends and I was sure that she thought the same, as marriage had never been mentioned between us. But when I let our friendship slide, her parents berated me for "deceiving" their daughter. I have yet to discover how a young man can get to know more than one girl without enduring hysterics and tears. Does he have to marry the first girl he meets? I am afraid that I shall remain a bachelor if the answer is "Yes."—T. L., Clifton, Bristol.

B.R. At Your Service

ENTERING a train at Debden, I found that I had lost my ticket and resigned myself to paying again at the other end. But when I told the collector at Marylebone, he replied, to my amazement, that I had dropped the ticket while crossing Debden Bridge. The stationmaster there had found it and, remembering who had booked the ticket, rang up Marylebone Station and gave them an accurate description of me so that I should not have to pay again.—Mrs. A. M. Royer, 70 Wellfields, Loughton, Essex.

. . . My train had stopped at a halt on a quiet, single-line branch railway. As it was starting off, the driver saw a woman with a pram struggling up the rough track to the station. He stopped the train and out leaped the guard, who hurried to the woman's assistance and wheeled her pram into his van while she took the baby into a compartment. The whistle blew and away we went.—John P. Brandon, 28 Woodstock Avenue, Grangetown, Sunderland.

Momentary Joy

AS I boarded a bus, a black spaniel dashed on and sat in the front seat. The dog gazed eagerly from window to window, jumping up and down with excitement. Then he turned to survey the passengers with the most roguish expression of sheer joy. Ordered off by the conductress at the next stop and watching the bus leave, he was the picture of abject misery and injured innocence.—Miss E. Dougall, 3 Burnbank Terrace, Perth.

Guests In The House

JOAN and Paul, married that day, were going to honeymoon in Skegness, but a late train meant that they had to spend their wedding night in Peterborough. Hunting vainly for an hotel, their plight was noticed by a taxi-driver. Receiving a radio message to pick up a fare, he replied, "Sorry, I've got a honeymoon couple on my hands." He took Joan and Paul to his home, explaining that his wife was on holiday, and gave them the best bedroom. Next morning, he brought them a cup of tea, made an eggs-and-bacon breakfast, gave them a bag of home-grown tomatoes and a bunch of roses from his garden, and drove Joan and Paul to the station. He wouldn't take a penny, so, if he reads this, perhaps that taxi-driver will accept the grateful thanks of—Paul's Mum, East Ham, London.

Redheads' Temper

HOW I appreciated "Clever Redheads" ("Free Speech," August 23). I've gone through life hearing people say, "I suppose her temper matches her hair," and I think the reason for our hasty tempers is the teasing that red-haired people suffer during childhood. Who wouldn't fly into a rage at shouts of "Ginger" and "Carrots"? Woe betide anyone I hear calling my daughter "Ginger." They will get the full force of my quick temper.—Mrs. P. Voisey, 2 Row Lane, Higher St. Budeaux, Plymouth.

"FAMILY REUNION"

A new short story by

MAZO DE LA ROCHE

in JOHN BULL next week

Through The Keyhole

APART from securing the house, does the "no-lock age" ("Free Speech," August 23) really matter? When we married, my husband contrived a miniature strongroom—a solidly locked drawer, safe, we thought, from prying eyes. Years later, we were searching for a missing document when our youngest and most innocent piped up, "Look in the locked drawer, Mummy." We looked and there it was, shaking my faith in locks. Our children disdained more accessible drawers, but they knew all the secrets of the "curiosity shop" upstairs.—Mrs. L. E. Williams, 47 Charles Street, Tonypandy, Glamorgan.

Lucky Choice

WHILE at Cromer, I asked a London family staying in the same boarding-house how they had obtained the address. "We found it written in a library book and decided to take a chance," I was told. It so happened that they hit upon a "home from home," but what a risky method!—Miss Dorothy M. Easter, 99 City Road, Norwich.

Hint To Burglars

KEM BENNETT makes a common mistake in his story "Encounter In The Dark" (John Bull, August 23) about glass cutting. It is impossible to tap out a circle from a pane of glass on the same side as the incision. It must be tapped from the opposite side, or the whole window would be smashed.—J. Mitchell, 56 Anchor Avenue, Darwen, Lancs.

Expert comment from the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research: Bennett's description is possible, but his burglar's method would "star" the window, take a long time and create a terrific din. Burglars have smeared windows with treacle and brown paper to deaden the noise. The proper way to cut a hole in glass is to inscribe a circle, criss-cross it with squares, tap one square out and then pick out the remaining squares by their edges.

Career Or Marriage

MY fiancée and I plan to marry before I enter a teachers' training college when I am released from National Service next April. Like H. C. D., of Northampton ("Free Speech," August 23), my parents are not encouraging our plans. We have investigated the financial aspect, prospects of finding a home and future employment, and we are positive that we shall be happy. When it comes to a choice between marriage or a start in the world, I fail to see why the two cannot be enjoyed together. I join with H. C. D.'s son—give us a chance to show our courage. — Sergeant, B.A.O.R., Germany.

Note This Badge

VERY few people seem to recognize the King's Badge "For Loyal Service" worn in the lapel by disabled ex-Servicemen. I am a one hundred per cent war disability pensioner, discharged from the Navy with tuberculosis after five years' service. This "invisible" disablement means that I have to remain seated in public transport vehicles while women and elderly people are standing, an apparent discourtesy which I cannot avoid.—Thomas C. Marsh, "Bringewood," Yeoman Lane, Bearsted, Maidstone.

The King's Badge was awarded to members of the Armed Forces, the Merchant Navy, fishermen, Home Guards, police and Civil Defence workers who were invalided out wounded or otherwise disabled on war service.

Helpful Hercules

WITH another couple, my wife and I toured Switzerland in a car loaded with camping kit. Reversing at a tricky road junction, the rear bumper of the car locked round the upright of a kerbside road sign. Out of a nearby chalet emerged a large man. Before we could

guess his intention, he bent down, grasped the centre of the bumper and lifted the car sideways. Straightening himself, the Swiss, who must have been over sixty, exclaimed: "Phoomph," and walked away.—F. W. A., Wallington, Surrey.

Manxmen's Law

SLOWNESS is a charge frequently levelled against citizens of the Isle of Man, but have the English anything to compare with our Trespass Juries Act of 1753? When a farmer's straying cattle trample another farmer's wheat, the local coroner convenes a jury of four and, with the farmers and their counsel, all inspect the loss. A court is held and the jury awards damages.—Mrs. M. I. Woods, Inglenook, Bradda East, Port Erin, Isle of Man.

Call A Detective

REQUIRING police advice one Sunday, I visited their headquarters in a neighbouring town. A strange stillness pervaded the building. There was no constable on the door, and I ascended to the top floor, seeing no one. I traversed empty corridors, off which unoccupied rooms revealed files, chemicals and expensive photographic equipment to any passer-by. I returned to the street after twenty minutes in that building, my errand unaccomplished. My footsteps made the only sound.—Mrs. E. Martin, 6 Belle Vue Terrace, Edinburgh.

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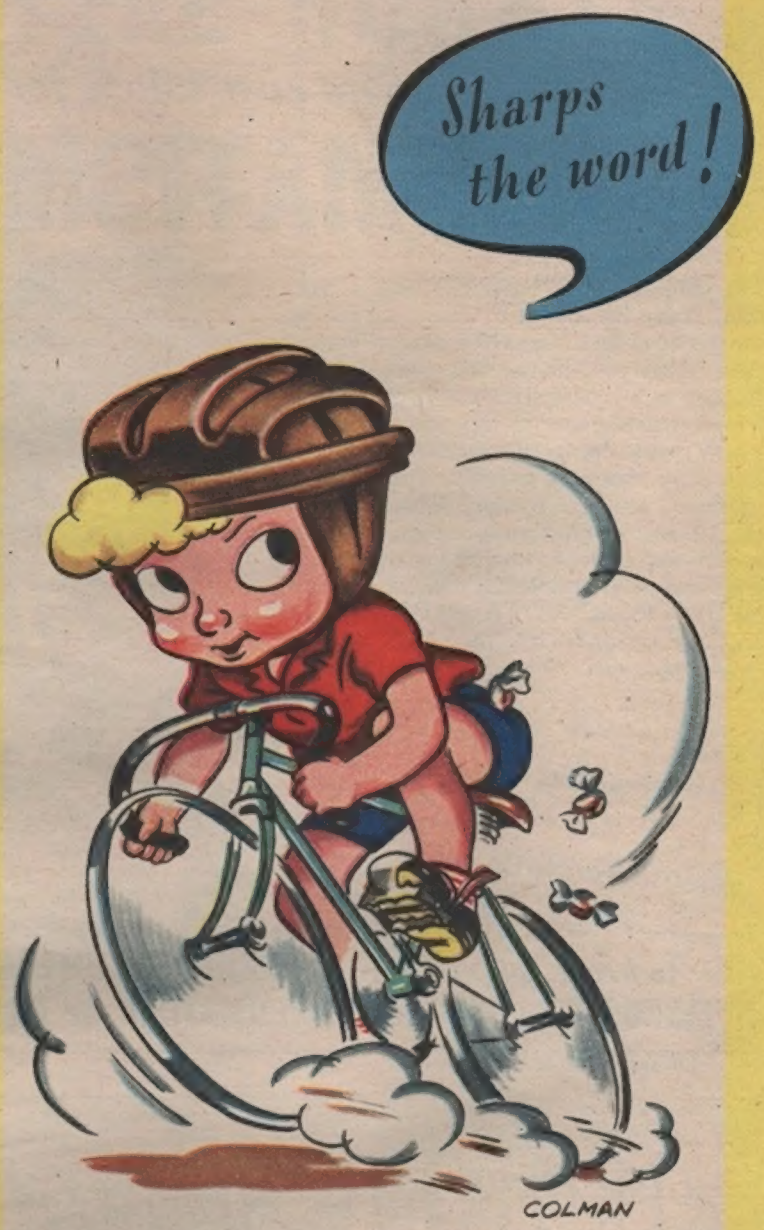

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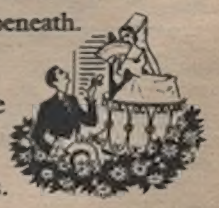

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At Bethnal Green public baths, infantile paralysis victims are helped back to strength and happiness by Pep Farnsworth (extreme left), a medicine ball and water quoits and dice games. With Pep (left to right) are Mrs. Audrey Fowles, David Steward, Terry Danahar and Bertie Bassett

Polio victims swim back to health

by JOHN MAY

Young Bertie had never walked, but Leslie Farnsworth and his daughter taught him to swim within a week. Now, after a fashion, Bertie can dive—and walk

ONE DAY IN THE SUMMER OF 1948 perky eleven-year-old Bertie Bassett, his wasted legs clamped in iron braces, was leaning on his crutches, yelling encouragement to his cockney friends swimming at Bethnal Green Baths. Just then the baths superintendent, Leslie Farnsworth, came by, and—struck by a sudden idea—asked Bassett a question.

"Would I learn to swim if I got the chance?" Bertie said. "Blimey, sir! You just try me."

A month or so previously a close schoolgirl friend of "Pep" Farnsworth, the superintendent's young daughter, had been literally floored by infantile paralysis when she tried to get out of bed one morning. For three weeks Farnsworth and his wife watched Pep anxiously. She escaped infection. But Farnsworth himself had been awakened to a new interest in the plight of infantile paralysis victims. He knew that doctors urged swimming as a means of rehabilitation for them. "But although at Bethnal Green we provided everything from Turkish baths to a public laundry, like many other baths we had so far failed to do anything for handicapped youngsters like Bertie Bassett."

Bertie had never walked. He could swing along between crutches provided he had irons to keep his legs rigid. Without them he could not even raise himself. Farnsworth decided to start something—with Bertie as the eager pioneer pupil.

A week later, his helpless legs trailing, and his arms flailing wildly, young Bassett actually moved a yard or two in the water by his own efforts. He had travelled to the steps at the shallow end from his cubicle by dragging himself around the side of the bath on his stomach. The bath attendants, usually unimpressed even by championship form, raised a cheer. Bertie was inexpressibly delighted. With Pep Farnsworth laughing and splashing in the water with him, he began the task of learning the leg strokes.

Leslie Farnsworth had meantime called on the school for handicapped children at Whitechapel. When the headmaster assembled them

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Leslie Farnsworth talks to his first pupil, Bertie Bassett, as Terry Danahar's mother "wheelbarrows" her son to his cubicle and Pep Farnsworth helps David Steward, paralysed since 1947, up the steps

in the hall, every one of the boys wanted to join the projected swimming class at once. The baths committee gave permission to use one of the Bethnal Green pools on Sunday mornings, but in Farnsworth's own time after the baths were shut. He started the class, "cautiously at first, with half a dozen selected pupils." That was in October.

Christmas brought an encouraging development. Week by week the swimming lessons had imperceptibly strengthened Bertie Bassett's leg muscles and extended the range of movement of his hip joints. Now he discarded his crutches and, for the first time in his life, using two sticks, managed to walk after a fashion. It was a tremendous victory. Mrs. Farnsworth, matron of the baths, brought in more pupils from a school for physically handicapped girls at Bow. The girls were older than the boys, but the mixed bathing was a success.

Kept Alive In Iron Lung

In 1947, the year before the Bethnal Green experiment started, about 8,000 people in England and Wales contracted infantile paralysis. The figures for the succeeding years were 1,859, 5,800 and 8,699. Never known as an epidemic fifty years ago, infantile paralysis was increasing, and because only one-third of the cases were infants under five, the less misleading name of poliomyelitis was being adopted.

Roughly half of the patients infected with polio suffered no paralysis at all, and half of those who were paralysed recovered completely. One in ten died, and in varying degrees the rest were left paralysed.

"Two of my most encouraging pupils today were victims of these years," says Farnsworth. Nine-year-old David Steward, of Upper Clapton, was kept alive for six weeks in an iron lung after he caught "a bit of a cold" in 1947. Four years later, on Easter Sunday, 1951, Farnsworth met the ambulance outside Bethnal Green Baths to assist David up the steps for the first time.

David's father helped him out of his leg calipers and corsets, and into bathing slips. They lowered him into the water. Gradually he began learning to walk in the shallow end, the water supporting his weight. "The difficulty was that at first his attenuated right thigh muscles were not strong enough to keep his leg down," Farnsworth recalls. "It just floated uncontrollably to the top of the water."

It was in October, 1949, when the Bethnal Green polio class had been running about a year, that another of Leslie Farnsworth's present pupils, Mrs. Audrey Fowles, developed what she thought was flu. She struggled on, irritable, feverish, pains in her back keeping her sleepless at night. It is the people who struggle on in the early feverish stages who get the worst kind of paralysis. Then, one morning, paralysis struck: "I was dressing the children, and my arms went."

Audrey Fowles had been able to swim before she contracted polio. One March Sunday this year, her husband, Dick Fowles, dug a way from their front door to the road through deep snow, and neighbours pushed the ambulance to start it moving. "In Bethnal Green Baths," Mrs. Fowles says, "they lowered me on to the side—and shot me in!" She found she could still get along in the water, but her arms and legs would not work together.

"She was delighted," Farnsworth says, "even to have the chance of trying." Her physiotherapist had suggested that swimming would help her legs and right arm, but finding somewhere to swim was unexpectedly difficult.

New Styles Were Worked Out

One bath thought that the public might not like a polio patient using the pool. At another in the next county the waiting list was too long. Dick Fowles had finally written to the National Association of Bath Superintendents, which told him about Farnsworth's class at Bethnal Green.

The main problem at Bethnal Green was working out ways of teaching the polio patients. "They all had a burning ambition to swim crawl in the best Tarzan tradition." But their disabilities caused strange hybrid styles. Sidestroke with the weaker side uppermost was the favourite for a girl whose limbs were of different lengths. One boy used the breast stroke with a crawl leg beat. Another was a habitual nosediver; his buoyancy was so upset that he could not help pitching forward and burying his head.

For this boy the cork-lined canvas lifebelt that Farnsworth produced was always essential. Others used it only for gaining confidence. One Sunday, a doctor watched Farnsworth experimenting. He towed a new girl pupil across the bath in the belt, and then removed some of the cork slabs. He took out more of the slabs after another width. Finally he took them all out. A few strokes later the girl threw the belt ashore.

"Most polio cases require only about four sessions," Farnsworth says. "They learn quicker than normal children. You want them to climb down steps into cold water? All right, down they go! They are desperately keen to do what normal people can do."

Learning Too Quickly

One skinny boy was too intrepid. Farnsworth had already worked out that the best way of teaching was to have one instructor in the water (usually his daughter Pep) and another (himself) on the side. Counting heads one Sunday morning, he noticed that the skinny boy was missing. He dashed to the deep end and peered into the water. "Skinny" was under water, swimming like an eel in and out of the treads of the steps. When at last he came up for air, Farnsworth grabbed him. "You stay on top in future, my lad," he said. "I like you where I can *see* you!"

Young Terry Danahar worked out a diving technique. One of the boxing Danahar family, Terry had polio when only a few weeks old, and was left with disabled legs. But he climbed the diving board by arm-power, balanced precariously, and with the cork belt on plunged in.

Getting out of the bath is the difficult part for most of the pupils. But the discomfort is worthwhile. "In water, polio cases are free and as good as the next man," says Farnsworth. "Some of them tell you that to move easily without irons, belts, wheelchairs and crutches is a joy that no ordinary swimmer who only takes off normal clothes can understand."

Gradually their muscles grow stronger. David, for instance, has just learned to raise his right arm above his head. "You feel that, Dad!" says Terry Danahar, making his father grip his thigh. Mrs. Fowles can swim for forty minutes, but has to concentrate hard to make arms and legs work together. Her sense of balance is improving. Confidence grows, too. Bertie Bassett, the original pupil, hauls himself to the twelve-feet diving board, crawls out, and from a sitting position hurtles down into deep water.

Better Sense Of Balance

"There are a thousand swimming baths in Britain where other polio patients could do likewise," Farnsworth says, "but at only a comparative few is the opportunity available or being taken." There is no doubt of its value. An orthopaedic surgeon wrote to him about one pupil: "She has made noticable improvement since attending the swimming baths."

The Farnsworths have so far taught seventy polio cases the beginnings of swimming. They have had no failures. "We feel a glow of victory when a new pupil throws aside the canvas belt and strikes out alone," says Farnsworth. The father of one girl told him: "My daughter used to build her life around the cinema; now the centre of everything for her is the baths." A councillor said to Bethnal Green Borough Council: "You should just see those kids' eyes shining!"

One hot summer Sunday a party of the girls from Bow turned up loaded with sandwiches, cameras and bottles of soft drinks. "We've come to say we're not coming," one of them said. "Now you've taught us to swim, we're going to an open-air pool for a day's picnic. We just wanted to let you know."

"I felt then," says Leslie Farnsworth, "that we were doing a fair job." THE END

Mr. Griffith comes back to the look-out

by WILFRED GREATOREX

For the Observer Corps, the jet age means a still more exacting job. But the golden rule is the same: report anything that flies

SOME MONTHS AGO, during "Exercise Pinnacle," the big air defence try-out, a strange plane not involved in the proceedings made a fleeting appearance seven miles high over London. To most people in the streets below, it was only a vapour trail, and got no more attention than any such commonplace phenomenon merited.

Among expert spotters of the Royal Observer Corps, however, the visitor caused some excitement. It was different from anything they had ever seen. "A few thought at first glance that it was an unwanted snooper," says one of the Corps officers. Some were puzzled for a moment. Others identified the aircraft immediately.

From one of the posts surrounding London, on a 300-foot spur near Wallington, Surrey, a slight leathery veteran observer named Carl Griffith and his teen-age partner reported its approximate height and position to their operations room at No. 19 Group, Beckenham, Kent. Through binoculars they followed it south. Then the vapour trail began moving westward. At that point, it was later established, it was directly over the south coast—some forty miles in a straight line from Wallington. "For much of the time," recalls Griffith, "all I could see was the trail. But my partner quickly recognized the plane and was still seeing an identifiable outline long after it was lost to me."

The intruder was Britain's then secret four-jet bomber, the Valiant. "We knew through the Corps that it existed," says Griffith, "but it was quite a thrill to spot it."

Eyes That Miss Nothing

When the Royal Observer Corps are on duty, it would be almost impossible for any aircraft, however high, low or fast it flew, to visit Britain without being spotted. The Corps was "stood down" as an economy measure in May, 1945, when many senior Defence officers, and others less qualified to hold an opinion, were known to believe that visual raid reporting would have no place in the jet age just beginning. But by January, 1947, the Air Ministry had so reorientated its policy that an appeal was made to all ex-observers to rejoin for spare-time service in the Air Defence of Great Britain. So, despite the advances made in radar techniques and the speeds of supersonic jets, Griffith and an undisclosed number of his fellow-observers of the second World War are back.

"I suppose," says Chief Observer Griffith, "we hardly needed to be asked. We missed the comradeship of the posts. And once bitten by the spotting bug, you can't let a plane pass without mentally plotting it." Griffith attends a fortnightly post meeting and occasional lectures at headquarters, visits nearby aerodromes on specified days to get a close-up of new types, is eligible to attend a summer camp, and has taken part in four national and several local exercises.

A company director, he has with him at Wallington two bank officials, some City men, several civil servants, two agricultural workers and a group of students. Serving in No. 19 Group are bus drivers, farmers, insurance brokers, postmen, publicans, chauffeurs, garage proprietors, housewives, printers, an ex-brigadier, an ex-air commodore, a diplomat and the managing director of a chain of local newspapers. The latest recruit is a head cowman.

Like other posts, Griffith's is one of a cluster of three in a defined locality. About forty-eight, criss-crossing the country eight to ten miles apart, serve each Group operations room. The headquarters are in turn linked with the R.A.F. The Corps commander, Air Commodore G. H. Vasse, a serving R.A.F. officer, works from an office at Fighter Command H.Q., Stanmore. His right-hand man is an experienced member of the Corps, Observer Captain C. G. Cooke.

On exercises, "Vasse's Vigilantes" (as one observer recently nicknamed them) like to be called in to help in real emergencies. During "Pinnacle," Griffith's post, and others in the Group, were told to look out for a Meteor in trouble. An observer in Kent had reported the plane circling at 3,000 feet.

Lost Pilot Led Home

"It turned out," says Observer-Commander J. N. Thompson, in charge of No. 19 Group, "that the pilot was lost and his radio had failed." The Observer Corps kept track of the Meteor's position, passed the information on to the R.A.F., and so enabled other fighters to be diverted to meet it. The lost pilot was then led home to base.

On another occasion last summer, two men on watch at a post in Surrey noticed smoke coming from a port engine of a foreign airliner. Their warning was passed to Heathrow, and emergency landing instructions were given to the unsuspecting pilot, who came in safely with his full load of transatlantic passengers.

"Even without the challenge of enemy aircraft," says Thompson, "there is always the chance that something really urgent might happen." Once, not long ago, one of the posts in the Home Counties gave first warning of a big haystack fire.

Nowadays, the majority of posts are bricked-in squares, five feet high, with windscreens and a part-roof; some are equipped with a small hut and latrine. They are sited on mountains, hills, high buildings (a block of offices in the City of London; a school in Northumberland), post offices, castles, towers, at least two windmills and a racecourse grandstand. For these vantage-points the Air Ministry pays nominal rents, but many landlords and farmers are willing to lease the facilities free.

Agreements, often involving permission to cross ploughed fields, are drawn up by the Air Ministry Lands Department. One farmer was so astonished at all the fuss that he threatened to withdraw his consent. "Didn't I tell Joe [the chief observer on the post concerned] that it

Carl Griffith (centre) at his post. "You soon get to know your sky," he says. "It becomes almost as familiar as your own back garden"

How the reports from Observer posts are plotted. Many women are in the Corps, but most of the posts are run by all-male teams

The operations room at No. 19 Group. Observer-Commander J. N. Thompson is standing, centre

was all right?" he asked indignantly. "Didn't we shake hands on it at The Ploughman?"

Cattle are responsible for so much damage that posts are stripped between exercises. At one post, observers reporting for the start of "Pinnacle" found that cows had been using their blockhouse as a shelter. "Apart from our usual paraphernalia," says one member present on that occasion, "we had to borrow a couple of spades. Then we splashed a whole bottle of strong disinfectant around."

For an operational weekend Griffith takes to his post a tripod, chart table, binoculars, gloves, log book, telephone breast sets, and the "post instrument"—a calibrated metal disc like a sun-dial fitted with a height-finder. He and his colleagues are expected to recognize about 120 types of aircraft of all nationalities from all angles. They are kept up to date on aircraft recognition through a supply of photographs, silhouettes, cards and occasional films showing new shapes. Epidiascopes are also issued. "At our meetings," says Griffith, "we spend two or three hours keeping up to scratch. Usually, we have competitions in which it is customary for younger members to get twenty-nine out of thirty silhouettes right at a glance."

Tiger Moths To MIGs

The Wallington crew meet in a local café. Other posts, with strengths varying from two to sixteen, use members' homes, public halls, clubs, village pubs, schoolrooms, farmhouses and, in one instance, a barn. It has been known for a post to meet in the plush comfort of a prosperous firm's boardroom. At Ivinghoe, Buckinghamshire, Chief Observer Fred Heley has permanently converted a room in his cottage into a meeting-place for his post: the walls are papered with photographs, drawings and black silhouettes of all kinds of aircraft, ranging from a fading print of a Tiger Moth to an artist's impression of the latest Soviet MIG jet fighter.

Post procedure—"Meteors, 5535, south west, four at three" means that four Meteor jets are at 3,000 feet over a pinpointed position on the grid map—is also an essential part of the art and practice of observing. The eloquent, if haphazard, running commentaries given by early rural members of the Corps, who used to describe the aggressive progress of Heinkels and JU88s in terms of local landmarks, now have no place in an organization which must keep precise and swift track of 600 m.p.h. aircraft.

A Hertfordshire farmer used to delight and anger his operations room colleagues by his inability to rely on correct procedure. During one heavy raid he announced that five Heinkels were "rounding the beacon." A few days later he stated, "Eight bombers are passing over Jim's place." Disciplined description is now the rule, though the prime responsibility remains to report "anything that flies."

During the war, Griffith once spotted what he took to be a moving navigation light. "It is difficult to estimate distance at night," he says. "Anyway, I put it at seven miles." The operations room told him they had nothing showing in that position. "My partner and I insisted that we weren't seeing things." A few minutes later, they were informed that an aircraft had been located in the direction indicated, but it was thirty miles away.

Shortly afterwards, Griffith saw another light, travelling east. "Because we had been so far out over distance with the first one," he recalls, "we amended our estimate and cautiously gave it as twenty miles." Again, they were the only post reporting it. Another light appeared; then another. "The alarming thing was that we couldn't hear a sound." Finally, the mystery was cleared up when it was found that meteorological balloons were being released from Croydon aerodrome.

There was also the night when a neighbouring post caused a "flap" by giving a steady flow of plots on unidentified aircraft. These turned out to be stars which appeared to be moving because of the speed of passing clouds.

Griffith regards identification of jets by their speed and outline at five miles as good spotting, though with binoculars he has picked out features of well-known types at ten miles. "You get to know your sky," he says. "It becomes almost as familiar as your own back garden at different times of day and year."

Planes Are More Alike

By his own sky, he means the horizons, the amount of glare and even the kind of planes which (in peacetime) the observer may expect to log. "We regularly get some twenty varieties," he says, "ranging from Fortresses and Stratocruisers to Harvards and the sailplanes from Redhill Flying Club."

To Griffith and other veterans of the second World War, present-day jets' speeds and the increasing trend towards international standardization of fighter design are admittedly confusing. The most harassing similarity is the swept-wing resemblance of the U.S. Sabre and the U.S.S.R. MIG.

Says Griffith: "It means we must be more efficient than ever." This involves sharper observation and the secondary method, aural spotting, now more difficult than it used to be. High-flying piston-engined planes, according to Griffith, can be heard under quiet conditions eight to ten miles away, and up to twenty on a sharp frosty night. "With jets it's a different matter. They can arrive with their own sound."

Because posts are usually sited on remote heights, many observers have miles to travel

Continued on page 33

JOHN BULL'S

Guide to Television

Unique eight-page colour supplement

Free inside every copy of next week's issue

JOHN BULL will publish next week a magnificent eight-page supplement on the greatest entertainment story of this age—a "Guide to Television" which will be of lasting value to all readers, whether or not they are the owners of television sets. Into it will be packed biographies in miniature of more than forty personalities selected from TV's glittering gallery of big names, through which can be traced the glamour of television's swift advance to the forefront of the nation's leisure-time activity.

FOR this supplement, the famous artist K. J. Petts has specially painted a dramatic reconstruction of the moment when Elizabeth Allan, one of the masked members of the *What's My Line?* team, guessed the identity of Anna Neagle during one of the notable sessions of TV's top show. This outstanding painting, measuring 20¾ in. by 9¾ in., will show in detail and in colour what it is like to be inside a television studio when a star programme is being broadcast. Ronald Lampitt has drawn one of his celebrated bird's-eye view pictures of the scene from the producer's gallery during the televising of The Twelve Toppers, TV's resident chorus, showing how the cameras, lights, microphones, orchestra, stars and technicians fit into the complicated pattern which gets a TV programme on the air.

THE supplement, which is introduced by a personal message from George Barnes, B.B.C. Director of Television Broadcasting, will also contain practical hints by experts on ways to better viewing. It will be of absorbing interest to every reader and is designed to be kept to aid the greater enjoyment of television during the winter evenings that lie ahead.

ANOTHER BOOK SOCIETY AWARD!

John Bull is proud to announce that *The House Of The Seven Flies* is now a Book Society recommendation—the seventh John Bull serial to win a Book Society award. The novel is to be filmed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The House of the Seven Flies

by VICTOR CANNING

WHEN EDWARD FURSE accepted a charter to take a Dutchman named Isaak Sluiter from Felixstowe to Holland, he had his suspicions. The man seemed frightened. But Furse was broke. His yacht *Arletta* had to bring in enough to keep his son Jimmy in clothes and school fees. His marriage had gone adrift.

Sluiter spent most of the voyage below, being violently seasick. That didn't surprise Furse: his passenger hadn't looked much of a sailor. But he was appalled, as they approached the Dutch coast, to find him dead.

Going through Sluiter's luggage, Furse found some curious things. A hypodermic syringe, some insulin, and a file of papers. Those papers told a story that made him tremble with excitement. A wartime German raid on a Dutch bank, led by a Kapitän Maserling. . . . A quarter of a million pounds' worth of uncut diamonds . . . a chart with a tracing marked "Seven Flies. . ."

Furse did not know what "Seven Flies" meant. What was certain was that the treasure still lay somewhere on the Maas estuary. It was risky but irresistible. He destroyed the chart, hid the rest of the papers, and sailed on.

Nearing Middelburg, he was surprised to see a girl rowing out in a dinghy to meet him. Her name was Constanta Straatsma, and she ran a tugboat company. She had business with Sluiter, and was horrified to hear of his death.

At Middelburg, both Furse and Constanta were questioned by Inspector Molenaar of the Rotterdam Police. He had a fresh shock for them. Sluiter had been murdered—by the substitution of other capsules for his normal insulin.

So Furse had plenty to think about. Much of his thought was for the girl. She attracted him, and seemed to like him. . . . Furse checked himself. He had dangerous work to do.

Just how dangerous, he realized when he got back to the *Arletta*. He found a man slitting open the bunk cushions with a jack-knife.

PART 2

Introducing Ninus Rohner

FURSE said quietly, in Dutch: "It'll save you trouble and me expense if I tell you there's nothing in the cushions."

The man looked up in surprise. For a moment he was silent, as though hesitating between some patent excuse or the truth.

"*Dank U, mynheer,*" he said. He dropped

"How did your husband come to know so much of Sluiter's business?" Furse asked. Elsa moved closer to him. "He's not my husband," she said

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIPHANT

the cushion and stood there with the knife in his hand. He was a trim little man with black beady eyes and a rather sharp nose. He wore a brown suit and a bright red pullover and was, Furse thought, a bit like a robin, a perky but cautious robin, willing to be friendly but afraid to try.

"Close the knife and toss it up."

The man hesitated, and looked at the knife and then at Furse. He closed the knife and tossed it up. Furse caught it and jerked it over his shoulder into the canal.

"Come on up." Furse stood back.

Very slowly the man came up and as he stood on deck one hand went to his face and the fingers tapped against his chin as though he were patting his smile into place, anxious that it should sit well and serve him properly.

"My apologies, *mynheer*. I did not expect you back so soon."

"We don't have to be polite with one another. What's your name?"

"Dekker—Anselm Dekker."

Furse saw his eyes flick towards the wooden piles, gauging the distance from the deck.

He smiled. "You'd never make it. And there are other things you should take into consideration. I'm taller than you and heavier, too, Mynheer Dekker—if your name is Dekker, that is."

THE man smiled. "I thought you might think I was lying, *mynheer*. That is why I told the truth." He pulled out his wallet and handed his identity card to Furse. It showed that he was Anselm Dekker. Furse handed it back.

"It's a good habit to cultivate. Let's see how long you can keep it up. What were you doing below?"

"Searching the place." There was a faintly reproving tone in the voice now, as though Dekker felt the question unworthy.

"For what?"

"Food or money."

"I keep my money in my wallet and the food in the locker by the galley. What made you think there might be something in the cushions?"

"People hide their money in very odd places."

"Who sent you aboard?"

"I came for money and food, *mynheer*. I have a wife and three children, a boy and two girls——"

"Oh, come off it, Dekker. You can do better that that. You'll be telling me next your wife has tuberculosis and one of your children is blind."

"No, *mynheer*. My wife and family are in good health and well provided for."

Furse realized that he would get no truthful answer to his questions. He spun the man round and grabbed him by the neck of his jacket and the loose seat of his trousers.

"On your way ashore, Dekker—you'd better have a look for your knife."

He lifted him and pitched him overboard into the canal. Dekker went under with an untidy splash. When he came up, he blew water from his mouth, making a grimace of disgust. Then he looked up at Furse and said very slowly and with an emphasis which until then had been absent from his voice: *"Jij smeerlap!"*

Furse watched him swim awkwardly around the bows of the *Arletta* and pull himself out on to the bank. He moved away, without a glance back at Furse, down the path towards Veere.

In the main cabin Furse found two cushions cut open and signs that Dekker had been through his lockers, his book rack and chart cases. Furse lifted the bunk cover and saw that the rivets on the water tank were untouched.

There was the possibility that Dekker might have been telling the truth, but he doubted it. Sneak thieves were very rare in Holland, especially outside the big ports. Knowing now that Sluiter had been murdered, realizing, too, the incentive which might lie behind that murder, he was certain that Dekker had come aboard with the same thought in mind as Molenaar: to see whether he had in fact abstracted anything from Sluiter's briefcase. He knew what he had to do. The sooner he got to Rotterdam and saw Charlie, the better. He would not tell him everything—until he was certain of finding the stones. That was when he would really need Charlie.

He made himself a cup of tea, cut two large corned beef sandwiches and, within half an hour, was taking the tide up the Zandkreek. Once out of the canal mouth into the river, he ran under sail, sitting comfortably at the wheel with his chart and field glasses. A tug with a string of two dead barges behind came down the river and a great apple-cheeked sailing barge under motor and sail came tacking against the tide past him, the red sails spread like some huge bird.

AT the mouth of the Zandkreek, when he turned into the Ooster Schelde, he had the tide against him. Furse watched again the familiar miracle of water, land and sky fusing so that windmills and church towers seemed to float in the unsteady glitter of the horizon. A ferry boat, coming across from Zierikzee, showed first as funnel and masts poised in the air and then, with a sudden click as though the eye had begun to function belatedly, revealed hull and the white comb of froth at her bows. In this country, distance and light were the two magicians who made out of flatness a constantly varying beauty and delight.

Running up the Keeten Maasgat, he was passed by Constanta Straatsma. The motor cruiser came up quickly behind him, then swung over and was throttled down to keep abreast of him for a while.

"When you get into Dintelsaas," she shouted, "tie up as close to the lock as you can get! You'll have enough water then to keep you off the mud at low tide!"

She gave him a wave of her hand, opened throttle and was gone.

He came into Dintelsaas just as the light was going and turned in early.

He was in Rotterdam by mid-day and booked himself a room in a cheap hotel near the station. The place smelled of cigars and caraway seeds, and a glance into the dining-room convinced him that he would do better to eat outside. He got himself a meal in a cafeteria and then went to see Charlie.

Charlie Ponz lived in a flat overlooking the Rotterdam Park not far from the Royal Maas Yacht Club. Charlie was a South African—at least, that was as near as Furse had ever come to establishing his nationality. They had met in Italy in an olive-crushing mill, just north of Arezzo. It had been an uncomfortable meeting and Furse had never discovered how Charlie—a medical orderly in the Union of South African Forces—had come to be present so far forward at a time when the Germans had decided to straighten out a bulge in their line. He suspected that Charlie had ventured too far in search of black market *vino, prosciutto* and anything else he could lay his hands on.

They had spent four dangerous, but not unhappy days in the mill and he had learned then all of any importance that he was ever to know about Charlie—that he could shoot straight, that he was as unscrupulous as he was brave, and that his friendship was real, even if given on the understanding that every man had his price and generally not a very high one.

After they had been rescued, they had met again in Naples, Florence and, finally, in Rotterdam, where Charlie had put him in the way of a little business with the minimum of embarrassment to himself.

Charlie had a round, boyish face, sad, reproachful eyes and a manner that bordered perpetually on the verge of rising disappointment. He lived with his mother. Furse had never made any comment on the fact that each of the three times he had visited Charlie there had been a different mother—different in face, but the same in type; tall, well-built, well-dressed, matronly women, always dark and possessed with the gift of silence.

CHARLIE'S latest mother, having served them with tea and little cakes, disappeared. Charlie lit a cigarette, holding it awkwardly in his nicotine-stained fingers as though it were the first one he had ever smoked in his life, and curled his feet up under him in the armchair.

"Hell, this is a pleasure. What? But no surprise, sir. I know you are here the moment you spit on the stones at Veere. Private information, private wire. Expensive, but necessary in my business." He held his cigarette up like a piece of chalk and frowned at it as though he had decided that as a pleasure it was overrated. "Now, you tell me, is this business or pleasure, or do I ask a damned fool question, sir?"

Charlie had never lost the habit of calling him "sir," and his English was uncertain and unexpected.

"This is both, Charlie. But chiefly I want you to look after something for me." Furse took an envelope from his pocket and held it up. Inside was the six-inch square of blue tracing paper which he had taken from Sluiter's briefcase. "Have you got a safe place?"

Charlie smiled and nodded. "Leave it with me. You think much more or not at all about that proposition I make the last time?"

"I thought about it—but for the moment that's all."

"That's what I guess, sir. '*Verdomme*,' I am

Continued on page 27

ESCAPE-OR DIE

Stirring real-life series by the author of THE DAM BUSTERS

PAUL BRICKHILL best-selling author of *The Dam Busters*, has written another great real-life adventure series—drawn from the authentic records of the R.A.F. Escaping Society. Called *Escape—Or Die*, it will appear exclusively in JOHN BULL in advance of book publication.

Paul Brickhill

The sober facts in this remarkable true record of escape are startling in themselves. There is the tale of the sergeant who escaped from Germany via Russia—riding to freedom with a band of Cossacks; the pilot who turned on his pursuers in the Dutch marshes; and a vivid account of an escape through the Sumatra jungle, which the novelist H. E. Bates in an introduction to the book calls "an epic of sheer blazing resolution."

Make sure of reading *Escape—Or Die* by placing a regular order with your newsagent or bookstall now. The first exciting instalment starts . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Readers who enjoyed Paul Brickhill's other book, *The Dam Busters*—serialized in JOHN BULL last year—will be interested in an offer made by The Companion Book Club, sponsored by Odhams Press. *The Dam Busters* and five other books—among them Nevil Shute's *Round The Bend* and James Hilton's *Morning Journey*—are offered for only 27s.

First patrol in H.M.S. *Storm*. Edward Young (centre) is on the bridge with Geoff Stuart (right), his first lieutenant, and Bill Ray, engineer officer

ONE OF OUR SUBMARINES (5) by Commander EDWARD YOUNG, D.S.O., D.S.C.

I TAKE COMMAND OF A BRAND-NEW BOAT

The great moment had arrived, and Edward Young felt justly proud. Here he was, a newly appointed commander about to commit a brand-new submarine to the deep

CHRISTMAS, 1942, is a day I will never forget. As I came ashore at Algiers with the crew of *Saracen* after a tour of duty at Malta, a signal awaited me. It was from Admiral Submarines in London, recalling me to England for my commanding officers' qualifying course. Within a few weeks I was in Portsmouth, drinking sherry in a comfortable wardroom with a group of other officers, all of them about to learn how to become submarine commanding officers.

At one time the course had been called the Periscope School; hence the grimly humorous contraction "Perisher." Now it was officially the C.O.Q.C., or Commanding Officers' Qualifying Course, but by tradition we were still known as the perishers. For the first fortnight of the six-weeks' course the perishers lived in H.M.S. *Dolphin* within the walls of Fort Blockhouse, the formidable peninsular bastion at the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour.

Every morning after an excellent breakfast we perishers walked out of the fort's western gate and along the sea road. Invigorated by the salty breeze and talking at the tops of our voices, we turned right, past a huge tank where new submariners were trained to use the Davis escape apparatus, and came to a small brick building where we were learning how to carry out attacks on enemy ships. This was the Attack Teacher, an ingenious and elaborate "war game" which allowed us to make our elementary mistakes without fatal results to ourselves or anyone else.

It was built on two levels. The top floor, reached by an outside flight of steps, was the plotting-room. At the far end of it a travelling platform, with a small central turntable to take the target model, ran out on rails through a window into the open air. The other end was occupied by a huge white plastic plotting-table, marked off in squares to a scale of 1,000 yards

Storm **on her trial run in the River Mersey, August 1943. "My new boat had cost £300,000 and I was acutely aware of my responsibility," says Young.**

(half a sea mile) to the inch. The plotting of the attacks, and the operating of the machinery which controlled the target's movements, were performed by a team of charming and intelligent Wrens. On shelves around the walls stood fleets of small-scale models of ships of all the warring nations: battleships, cruisers, aircraft-carriers, destroyers, submarines, liners, cargo-steamers, tankers, tramps. The lower floor of the building represented the interior of the attacking submarine. Imagine for a moment that you are a spectator in this lower room and that it is my turn to carry out the next attack.

The circular white box in which I am standing represents the submarine's control-room, though in appearance it does not resemble one in the least. A periscope leads up into the plotting-room; its top lens is covered for the moment because the stage is being set for the start of the attack. Out of sight upstairs, Commander Teddy Woodward, the instructor, is placing a new ship-model on the travelling target platform.

As the attack develops, the target will move slowly in towards the periscope, turning on its platform in accordance with the gradually changing relative bearing of the submarine. Its movements are prearranged by Commander Woodward before the start of the attack, and these are automatically repeated on the plotting-table. My own tactics also will be plotted on it by the Wrens, following the orders I give up the voice-pipe.

Stand By Perishers

Around me in the room below, my fellow perishers are waiting to take their turn at the various duties which, when I get a boat of my own, will be carried out by my officers. One of them stands by me to read off bearings and range-angles as I set them on the periscope, and to help me to identify the target from the various ship-recognition manuals at hand. Another operates the "fruit machine," into which he will feed the information I give him about the enemy's bearing, inclination, mast-head height and range-angle, and in return will translate these data into the enemy's true bearing, course, range in yards and distance-off-track. This information in turn will be passed to the navigating officer, whose job is to chart the progress of the attack and to work out the target's speed.

Suddenly a Wren's voice in the voice-pipe at my ear startles me into action. "Control-room, control-room. You are a T-class submarine on patrol in the North Sea. Submarine's course one four five. Are you ready? *Start the attack.*"

I repeat "Start the attack" as a signal to the stop-watches, and at once order "Up periscope." The top lens is now unmasked to represent the raising of the periscope, and looking into the eyepiece I find myself confronted with the urgent sight of *Scharnhorst* coming straight at me, or perhaps a U-boat whose angle on the bow is impossible at that range to judge. I must take action at once. How am I going to get into an attacking position?

Odd Noises Off Stage

It was to the answering of this question that most of our thoughts were to be devoted for the next few weeks. We spent hour after hour in the Attack Teacher every day, taking turns to do the attack or form a different part of the attack team. We started with simple attacks where the target maintained a steady course from beginning to end, and graduated by easy stages to more difficult attacks on zig-zagging targets. Sometimes, if you had kept the periscope down for too long during the closing stages of a hectic attack, you would suddenly hear the most appalling crashing and banging overhead; this was the plotting-room gleefully dropping lead weights on the iron roof of the control-room to indicate to you that you had been rammed by your target.

At the end of each attack we all walked up the steps to the plotting-room to see whether the target had been sunk and to have the attack pulled to pieces by Teddy Woodward. On a bad day you might have a run of unsuccessful attacks; and your gloom would increase when you remembered that these model attacks were carried out in perfect visibility, with no rain-storms to blot out your target, no breaking waves to obscure your view, and none of the navigational anxieties you were liable to have when operating in shallow water. If you made a mess of it in ideal conditions, when there was no question of anyone's life being at stake and you could consider the problem academically, what disasters might you not be responsible for when you were trying to do the same thing in earnest? Many times during this period did I wonder if Teddy Woodward had already privately decided I would not make the grade.

Our last day on *Dolphin's* Attack Teacher provided some hilarious comic relief. It was as though the Marx Brothers had been let loose in the planning-room. Targets did the most astonishing things: proceeded backwards, turned upside down, stopped still, or disappeared altogether. We made Teddy Woodward do an attack, and set him an appallingly difficult one which ended with the target actually bursting into flames before he had a chance to fire. Finally the Wrens had their turn, while the perishers worked the machinery and did the plotting; some of the girls had a remarkable grasp of the essentials of the game.

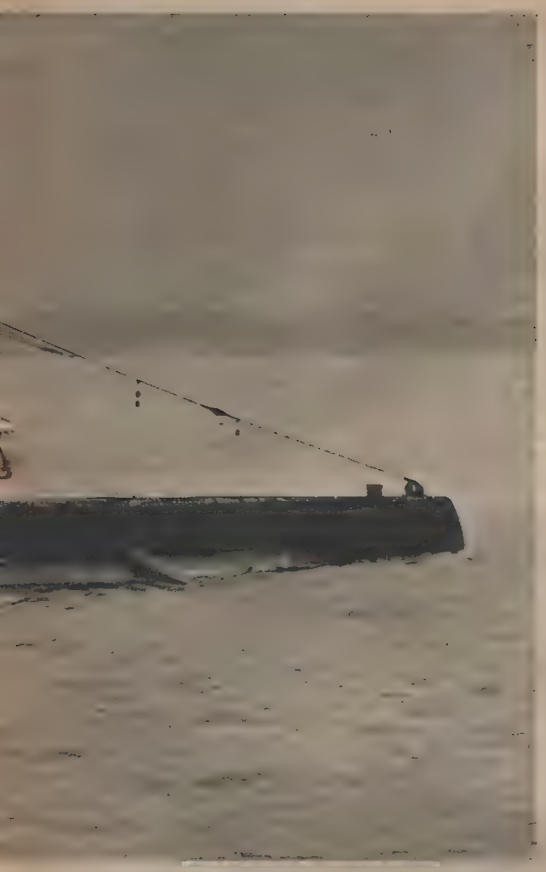
After that we packed our bags and Teddy Woodward took us north to Rothesay on the Clyde estuary for the sea part of our training. By the end of February the course was over. One of us had been failed; the rest went on leave to await our appointments. A week of idleness, and then this telegram: APPOINTED P.555 IN COMMAND. REPORT CYCLOPS A.M. 23RD MARCH—FLAG OFFICER SUBMARINES.

The submarine *P.555* was at Campbeltown, and I was to take over command of her from Jeremy Nash. The usual time allowed for turning over was two or three days; I was to be allowed a week because I was R.N.V.R., and because *P.555* was an old American submarine differing in several important features from any submarine I had known before.

The Ships Come Home

When I arrived at Campbeltown, I found, as I expected, that *P.555* was out on the usual day's exercise until the evening. I escaped from the formalities, dumped my kit and went off for a solitary, windy walk round the coastline past Davaar Island. Shortly before six I was back on the quay. The surface vessels from the exercise areas were already entering harbour. They were Admiralty trawlers and converted steam and motor yachts which had been fitted with asdic gear, and now took classes of officers and ratings to sea for anti-submarine training. I watched them secure to their various berths, and then looked out across the water waiting for the submarines to appear round the point.

P.555 came in first. Turning gradually in a



"Yet I felt strangely calm and self-confident"

wide starboard sweep, she was approaching with an impressive air of confidence and efficiency. Among the men on the bridge I could now make out the figure of Jeremy Nash, tall, erect, concentrating on making a good approach. With enough way on, he stopped engines and glided in until he was nearly opposite his berth, going astern on his motors to halt her exactly where he wanted her, almost parallel to the quay and only a few feet off. Heaving-lines shot out, the bow and stern lines were secured, the spring wires followed, and with a touch ahead on his inside screw and a touch astern on the other, Jeremy snugged her in and came alongside neatly and without fuss.

His First Salute

Not until he had passed the order, "Fall out harbour stations, finished with main motors," did Jeremy look up to where I was standing. "Hallo, Teddy. Didn't expect you till to-morrow. Come aboard and have a drink." I walked over the narrow plank, and as I stepped on to the submarine's deck I received for the first time, from the young sub-lieutenant on the casing, the salute due to me as a commanding officer, and was so taken aback that I almost forgot to return it.

Jeremy and I agreed at once that a week was far too long for our turnover, and that my being R.N.V.R. had nothing to do with it. We planned to complete it in four days, Jeremy to retain nominal command for the first two days, and to stand by for the other two to make sure I had the hang of things. While we were peacefully dived during the day's exercises, we went together through the whole boat until I was satisfied that I understood the broad outlines of its machinery, its pumping and blowing systems, its electrical circuits, and its diving and surfacing peculiarities. At the end of the fourth day we made a signal to Captain Submarines reporting that I had assumed command, and Jeremy packed his bag and returned to *Cyclops*.

So began again for me the routine which had become so familiar two years earlier when I had been the junior officer in *H.28* in this same training flotilla: the daily procession out of harbour in the half-light, the run out to the exercise areas, the dive to eighty feet, surfacing at the end of two monotonous hours, diving again, surfacing again, diving, surfacing, six days out of every seven. Occasionally the monotony would be broken by unpredictable accidents which led sometimes to laughter and sometimes to grey hairs.

There was the time when, as we dived, the conning-tower began flooding because the voice-pipe cock had been left open and, as if this were not alarming enough, the deck anchor simultaneously broke loose and rattled out to the full length of its cable. Neither of these two mishaps had ever come within my experience before. The whole situation suddenly struck me as being very funny: the submarine floating in mid-water, the sea gurgling into the conning-tower and the anchor hanging down from the bow as if it was on the end of a watch-chain several fathoms long. Really it was too absurd, and I could not help laughing as I gave the order to surface.

Avoided Nasty Accident

There was the time when we were surfacing at high speed for a practice gunnery shoot, and the engine-room artificer at the blowing panel suddenly sang out that he couldn't blow No. 3 main ballast because the valve had snapped off in his hand. There we were with plenty of buoyancy forrard but none aft, the hatches already flung open by the gun's crew, the stern still under water, the sea perilously near to slopping over into the conning-tower hatch, and myself not daring to reduce speed lest our stern drop still farther. We managed to rectify the situation before long, but it was nasty while it lasted.

There was the time when, for some reason or other, all the bow caps to the tubes were opened without my knowledge while we were on the surface (we carried no torpedoes in the tubes in this flotilla) and when we dived we were consequently terribly heavy forrard, and only pulled her up at 150 feet by blowing everything.

And there was the evening when, returning to harbour after the day's exercises, I overshot our berth, owing to a stupid mistake of my own on the telegraphs, and crashed through a row of fishing smacks lying side by side in the berth ahead of us. Ropes and wires parted in twanging confusion, startled heads appeared out of companion-ways, and I saw my career as a submarine commander coming to an ignominious end. When the chaos was sorted out and we were safely secured in our own berth, I nerved myself to board the fishing boats to make my apologies to their respective skippers. I found them all in conclave over a bottle, blissfully unaware that anything unusual had happened. Much relieved, I was able to gloss over the incident when reporting it to the Senior Officer Submarines, and got clean away with it.

At last, in the middle of June, the signal I had been hoping for arrived, appointing me in command of "Job No. J.3067" at Cammell Laird's, Birkenhead. This, I knew, would be an S-boat, similar to *Saracen*, and it was exactly what I wanted: As I had to get up very early to catch the steamer to Oban, I said goodbye to the crew and my officers the night before, and asked Number One to arrange for a couple of the seamen to row me ashore to the steamer pier in the morning.

Boat Manned By Officers

In the haggard hour of dawn I washed and dressed as quietly as possible in my cabin so as not to disturb the others. I climbed up the conning-tower and down on to the casing, and there I was surprised to find that the boat waiting alongside was manned by my three officers. As they rowed me ashore I felt deeply moved by the traditional but unexpected compliment, by the inevitable sadness at leaving any ship which had been my home, by the beauty of the land-locked bay at that early hour, with the trees dropping steeply to the water's edge, and by the sight of the trim steamer waiting to take me off on the first stage

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Submarine hero of the first World War, Admiral Sir Max Horton (right). Before *Storm* went out on her trials, he came to wish Young good luck

The Attack Teacher. In a dummy submarine control-room, a trainee officer stands by at a periscope. As a model target is set in motion in a room above he must take action to attack it

The Far Country

by NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

In the sunshine and beauty of Australia, she and Carl had fallen in love. But Australia was half a world away. Would they feel the same in England?

LEAVING AUSTRALIA had been a terrible wrench for Jennifer Morton. In four weeks she had come to regard it as her new home. She had also fallen in love —with Carl Zlinter, a Czechoslovakian surgeon. But a telegram had brought her hurrying back to England. Her mother had died, and her father, a doctor in Leicester, could not carry on alone.

That telegram had cut through all her hopes. How long she and Carl would be separated, she did not know. Carl had no money but his wages as a lumberman, and he could not practise as a surgeon until he had an Australian degree. Even then, it might take him years to save up the fare to England.

Still, Australia had been good to him. He had found friends and a new background. By a stroke of coincidence, he had even found a link with the family he had lost in the war—for he had been astonished and delighted to discover, in the nearby Howqua Valley, the grave of a man with the same name and birthplace as his own: Charlie Zlinter from Pilsen, who had died fifty years ago.

Like Carl, he had been a lone wolf with undeniable charm. But there the resemblance ended. That earlier Zlinter, a roystering figure of the Australian gold-rush, had died of "drink and drowning." That was all anyone knew of him—except that he had lived in a cabin in the woods. But the story seized Carl's imagination. He had to find out all he could about his namesake; and he wanted to build himself a cabin on the same site. Jennifer was amused and touched by this boyish dream and, because she loved Carl, she encouraged it.

But now all that was twelve thousand miles away. She might never see Carl again. Dazed by the long air-trip and the shock of the English winter, homesick for the sunshine of the Howqua Valley, Jennifer broke down and wept in her London hotel room. Tomorrow she must go to Leicester, and face her father in his grief.

FINAL INSTALMENT

Jennifer At Home

ON Sunday morning, Jennifer Morton came by train to Leicester Station and left her two suitcases in the cloakroom for her father to pick up in the car, and walked in a fine, misty rain up the grey length of London Road to her home by Victoria Park. She pushed the familiar front door open and walked into the narrow hall; it now seemed small and rather mean to her. She opened the drawing-room door and caught her father just getting up out of his chair at the sound of her step, and realized that he had been asleep. He looked older than when she had gone away about ten weeks before, and the room was dirty, and the tiny fire of coal was smoking.

His face lit up when he saw her. "Jenny!" he cried. "I was waiting by the telephone

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Suddenly, in the street-lamp's dim light, she saw him. She cried, "Carl!" and ran to meet him. In another moment she was in his arms

The famous "Smirke Smile" as Tulyar wins at Ascot. The jockey must bring him to the front at just the right moment, in case he stops going all out

Tulyar, laziest horse at the winning post

by ERIC BENNETT

He looks like raking in £150,000, but to him it means less than a bag of oats. He prefers just standing around—on three legs

NEARLY THREE YEARS AGO a bridle was slipped for the first time on to a smallish brown thoroughbred colt. It was a crucial moment, for Marcus Marsh, the famous racehorse trainer, gets a shrewd idea of a racehorse's character by the way the animal first reacts to control.

"Some of them sweat and cringe," he says, "and they are likely to be nervous in training. Some are just placid—they will probably be fainthearted. Those that kick and fight may become the game fighters that win races."

The brown colt gave a couple of sharp jumps of protest and then placidly settled down to be broken in, confirming the suspicion that he was a not-too-spirited horse of moderate ability, who might be trained to win a few minor races.

His name was Tulyar. Today he is the most famous racehorse in the world. In two racing seasons he has won the record sum of £60,797 in prize money, and is naturally a red-hot favourite for the St. Leger. Before he retires to stud at the end of the 1953 racing season, Tulyar will probably have set up a stake-winning record that will stand for many years. Although they have considerably revised their opinions since 1950, neither Marcus Marsh, his trainer, nor Charlie Smirke, his jockey, really know how good he is.

Everything Against Him

Bred by his owner, the Aga Khan, Tulyar had everything against him from the start. He was a late foal, which means that in his racing this season he has been beating, on level terms, horses that are several months older than he is, and so have had more time to develop. (All this season's three-year-olds became three on January 1, whatever the date of their foaling.)

He was also the first foal of the mare Neocracy, and most racing men do not think much of first foals. True, his mother had been a very fast filly and was the daughter of the great Nearco, and his father, Tehran, had won the St. Leger, so Tulyar came of the very best racing families. But he was not much to look at as a youngster. He was only medium sized, he was inclined to stand badly and he did not gallop very fast.

"Put him in a string of good horses and you would never name Tulyar as an outstanding Derby winner," says Marcus Marsh. "But when you came down to picking out his faults, you would find you could not name any."

The lad who "did" Tulyar as a yearling left Marsh's stables at Newmarket, and the horse was put in charge of a nineteen-year-old apprentice, Peter Stephens. To Peter he was just another racehorse, except that he was no trouble. But Peter soon noticed one peculiarity about the horse. When he was turned loose in his box after the morning's exercise, Tulyar would always stand on three legs.

He was examined for weakness, but there was none. Even when he was being saddled for a gallop the colt would take the weight off one leg and stand lop-sided on the other three. The reason is mere laziness. Tulyar likes to rest as much as possible, even if he is standing up.

Colts that are expected to win in the classic races are not usually raced over longer distances than six furlongs in their first season as two-year-olds. Tulyar was not expected to win a classic, and as he was a late developer he missed the big two-year-old races of 1951. He was not sent out until the autumn, and then he was asked to run a mile in the Buggins Farm Nursery handicap at Haydock Park. He did—and won.

Marcus Marsh was satisfied that he had a useful lead horse for his string of promising three-year-olds of 1952, and he thought that Tulyar might pay for his keep by winning a few thousand pounds in trial races for the classics. Aly Khan, who often acts for his father, the Aga, in racing matters, was not

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Rylands stood there like an embarrassed schoolboy, not knowing what to do next. And then pandemonium suddenly broke loose from the palace. At the sa

Fanny and the Rajah

by ***DENNIS HOLMAN***

He always bought what he wanted—and now he wanted her. His offer was one and a half million pounds

AFTER DINNER the younger guests, abetted by my niece, Alice, demanded to be told the story of Fanny and the Rajah of Raipal. "Uncle Horace was Resident," Alice assured them. "He knew the rajah intimately."

No one knew the rajah intimately, but I had his confidence, and perhaps a certain influence. I remember the morning he sent for me.

"Sir Horace," he came straight to the point, "you are doubtless aware that the sculptor, Roderick Merrill, is working on my bust, and that his sister-in-law, Miss Frances Pendred, something of a sculptress herself, has been attending the sittings to study the methods of the master."

I admitted I knew of the arrangement. He spoke a soft, sonorous English, in beautifully phrased and balanced sentences, with the assurance of a man who is never interrupted.

He went on: "I have been greatly impressed by Miss Pendred's beauty, character and accomplishments, and have decided to make her my wife."

I waited. He continued: "You will convey my sincere expressions of affection. You will say that her love for me is returned in full measure, indeed flowing over."

"As your Highness desires," I assured him, and hurried off to tell Fanny she must have been making eyes at the rajah because he had decided she was in love with him.

Poor Fanny! She protested indignantly that her conduct had been no more than correct. It was, of course, just wishful thinking on Raipal's part, backed by the flatterers at his court who were forever saturating his vanity with stories of how this woman or that was languishing for love of him.

He was a charmer all right—tall and strikingly handsome, with fine teeth he kept like pearls by chewing on a *neam* stick for hours every morning. All his clothes, whether native or western, were made in Paris, cut to the shape of his wide shoulders and narrow hips. And his manners were impeccable.

To understand the rajah you must realize that he was a Rajput prince of very ancient lineage, bred to receive instantaneous obedience and the fulfilment of every desire. It was difficult to give Fanny's reply, couched naturally in the most diplomatic terms, but it must have been a shattering experience for him to discover for the first time that the one thing he wanted more than anything was quite unobtainable.

He was sitting upright on his *gadi*, the "Cradle of the Moon," of pure white marble inlaid with rubies, emeralds and lapis lazuli, and cushioned lushly with a large square pillow and bolsters of cloth of gold. He had paled under his impassive dignity when he said at last: "Perhaps I should have mentioned yesterday that I intend settling on Miss Pendred a sum of money before our proposed marriage. The sum is two crores of rupees."—a million and a half pounds sterling —"It is also my intention that we should spend every summer in Europe or America, and that after three years, if we are still not ideally happy, either of us will be free to obtain a speedy divorce."

"Does your Highness wish me to convey the

e moment, Fanny and the rajah turned and saw him

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

substance of this conversation to Miss Pendred?" I asked.

"That is my desire."

"I will convey the generosity of your Highness's offer," I replied. "But I am obliged to point out here and now that Miss Pendred's decision rests with herself; I have no personal influence with her. As your Highness's political adviser and Representative of the Paramount Power, I beg leave to remind your Highness that it would be altogether outside my terms of reference to interfere in what is a private matter between your Highness and one of His Majesty's subjects. I am, however, most greatly honoured by this confidence your Highness has shared with me, and I am grateful for the opportunity of being of some assistance."

THAT established a point of order. I had been placed in an extremly awkward position, but was determined not to fall into the trap of making the rajah's wooing an official matter. Princely marriages are most delicate issues. The rajah had already been married twice, to princesses of neighbouring states. The first marriage had been childless, and the second wife had produced only girls. The subject of an heir apparent was already embittered with the intrigue of rival dynasties planning to find Raipal a more talented third wife.

If it got about that I was playing the matchmaker, there was no knowing where the matter would end. Besides, I felt that Fanny had no intention of being a ranee, even for two crores—she seemed rather more interested in a young assistant commissioner who was spending his leave with me.

The rajah had been gazing at me thoughtfully as I spoke. He now said: "It has also come to my notice that Miss Pendred is being taken for motor drives along the canal banks by a Mr. Douglas Rylands. How is it that you, Sir Horace, should have in your house a guest whose presence in this state is proving to be odious and undesirable?"

"May I remind your Highness that Mr. Rylands was invited at your express wish—because of his success in the Delhi Gymkhana. Your Highness felt at the time that better competition was needed to make the Raipal Gymkhana more interesting for yourself."

He said blandly: "Well then, he has my permission to return to Delhi."

"I doubt if he could be persuaded to leave, particularly in view of his interest in Miss Pendred. Your Highness could, of course, expel him from the state, but such a drastic measure would almost certainly result in the Viceroy's ordering a full inquiry."

The rajah looked away, nodding abstractedly. My guest could stay on in Raipal, but I would have given a good deal to have had him several hundred miles away. Within the state boundaries the rajah's power was absolute. He could do exactly what he liked, provided, of course, that he did not interfere with the life or liberty of one of His Majesty's subjects. But there was rope enough and I warned Rylands to be circumspect.

"These men have been known to stop at nothing to get what they want," I added. "Try if possible not to make yourself too odious!"

"That two crores is enough to make anybody odious," he replied obstinately.

The rajah's Birthday Week celebrations, of which the gymkhana formed part, opened with the usual State tiger shoot. We spent the night before the shoot in an elaborate white hunting lodge in the jungle. Gondruba had been a whim of the rajah's grandfather. It was a strange monstrosity of a building, with curious, spiralled minarets, scalloped cupolas and high-terraced verandas. The jungle encroached up to its very doors, trailing creepers that twined round the veranda posts. Tufts of grass and docks grew between the flagstones, and there was a young mango tree pushing up out of the front steps.

At the bottom of the clearing before the lodge was a jungle pool that had become the nocturnal haunt of a panther. It had been seen frequently, stalking across the clearing and lapping at the pool before slinking away into the shadows.

That night, to make sure it would come again, a young goat had been chained to a table under a light. After dinner we were to sit on the veranda and wait with rifles across our knees. But the unfortunate goat wailed piteously all through the meal, and I could see Fanny shudder with every wail.

We dined in a tall room, full of windows and doors hung with yellow shot-silk curtains. We ate off heavy silver plate, and there was a silver toy railway that ran round the table loaded with desserts, cigarettes and cigars.

Our host sat at the head of the table, looking very handsome and aesthetic in a long, tight-fitting garment of silver lamé buttoned with pearls up to the throat. His head was covered with a white silk turban, and he wore a solitaire diamond ring on his left hand, with a little diamond in the lobe of each ear. He was in his very best form, joking eloquently, scattering praise like largesse. The evening would have passed wonderfully but for the goat.

After dinner, quite unexpectedly, the rajah stood up and made a speech—a most flowery one about Fanny's beauty being the greatest power on earth, because wherever she went kings and princes would be at her feet. Then he concluded: "This paragon of womanhood has but to express a wish. She has but to name anything she desires, and it shall be hers!"

It was a moment the goat in the clearing chose to bleat again, and Fanny, who had been offered the earth, expressed her greatest wish.

"If you really mean that," she said, "I'd like you to have that goat taken off the table outside."

I looked at the rajah. The expression of pleasure and well-being had drained from his face, but he inclined his head with elaborate courtesy. "As you wish, madam," he said, and signalled to his prime minister across the table to attend to the matter.

IMMEDIATELY, the goat was replaced by a leg of mutton—but Fanny had publicly refused the rajah before his friends, his closest councillors and his rival. The marriage negotiations were then in earnest, the position being that Fanny was to have until the end of the week to consider her decision. At no point in the proceedings had the rajah approached her directly, so his gesture that night at Gondruba was sudden and spontaneous; he was telling Fanny very beautifully and subtly that she could name her price.

Fanny could have asked for anything. She chose the life of a goat.

Next day we drove out to where the elephants were lined up waiting. There were about forty, a really magnificent show—Raipal had some of the finest and largest elephants in India, and these were all mature, well-trained females. In principle the "guns" man the box-like howdahs strapped on the elephants, and the shoot advances in line abreast through the tall, dry grass, towards a swarm of beaters approaching from the opposite direction. Women don't as a rule go tiger shooting, but Fanny had insisted on being taken, and Rylands had asked her to ride with him.

Just before we mounted, as Rylands went off to get his rifle, a courtier approached Fanny, salaamed and informed her that he had been praying for her long life and prosperity. She thanked him. He then pointed out that the safest place to be in a tiger shoot was undoubtedly in the howdah of the best shot; as His Highness was undoubtedly the best shot in

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

"WHAT IS ALGEBRA?" asked the seven-year-old German boy whose picture on a teacup now stands in a cabinet in his rooms in Princeton University, U.S.A.

"It is a lazy kind of arithmetic. When you don't know something you call it *x* and then look for it," answered his Uncle Jacob.

The youngster was fascinated, and preferred books on mathematics to story and picture books. Geometry was not required in his school, but when he was given a copy of a geometry textbook he mastered the whole thing in a few weeks with the exception of two or three problems.

But he was not an outstanding scholar in all subjects. He had been slow in learning to talk and express himself, and slow in his movements. When he took a school entrance examination he failed in languages, zoology and botany.

To escape service in the German Army, he procured a faked medical certificate when he was fourteen, and joined his parents in Italy. He renounced his German nationality and, after some years, became a Swiss. During the second World War, he became an American.

In school, his knowledge of mathematics and physics often made his teachers angry. One of them told him: "The excessive number of questions that you ask me in class which I cannot answer, and which probably no one can answer, have caused me much painful embarrassment."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the boy, "but I want to know——"

"Yes, yes; the whole world wants to know the answers to your questions. I must beg you not to humiliate me any further. Please do not ask me any more questions in the classroom."

Later, he found the answers himself. For his name, turn to page 35.

India, would Miss Pendred, for her own sake, permit him to suggest to His Highness that she should go up in His Highness's howdah?

Fanny, I believe, replied that she was touched by his consideration for her personal safety, but since Mr. Rylands had already invited her to share his howdah, she would not dream of inflicting herself on anybody else.

The courtier looked startled. "*Nahin, nahin!*" he protested. "No, no, Miss-sahib! You must not go with Rylands Sahib—your life will be in danger!"

"Really!" Fanny said. "Mr. Rylands would not be flattered if he heard you; he's also supposed to be a good shot." Rylands, she saw, had been handed a rifle and a belt of ammunition and was being ushered to one of the centre elephants by the master of ceremonies. She hurried over to him.

What Rylands thought very odd was that just before we were about to move off, the rajah switched his position in the line. He took the next elephant to Rylands on his right. There was a lot of shouting and indecision, and the courtier who had been so concerned about Fanny's safety ran up with another rifle, a Mauser, insisting Rylands took it instead of the Savage he had been given.

I SHOULD have realized something was amiss, but the howdah under me had started behaving like a house in an earthquake, and I was heaving forward in a series of sickening lurches. A couple of tigers had been driven into an area of tall grass, and the beaters were waiting for us to come up into position.

We were still in close formation when I heard the rajah calling from his howdah.

"Rylands!" he shouted. "I'd rather you used the Mauser. It's a harder hitter. I don't want you to take any chances with Miss Pendred!"

"I left the Mauser behind," Rylands shouted back. "I'm much happier with a Savage."

We were, by this time, advancing in crescent formation, with the flanks ahead of the centre to cover any chance of the tigers breaking out from the sides. After a couple of miles we heard the beaters, quite hidden in the grass, emitting the most blood-curdling yells.

The mahout said that one of the tigers had got in among some rocks, and a few minutes later a crowd of beaters suddenly came up yelling and throwing stones. Then I saw the tiger, streaking across the clearing, with bullets clipping the earth after it.

A hit registered from the next elephant on my right, bowling the tiger off its feet; it struggled there, dragging itself round in circles, biting itself and roaring in terrible agony. The next shot put the creature out of pain. But there was a dreadful noise going on towards the centre of the line. An elephant began trumpeting frantically.

I ordered my mahout: "*Jaldi!* Quickly!" gesturing in the direction of the noise.

The disturbance had been caused by Rylands's elephant. The second tiger broke just after the first. Somebody fired, nicking its neck. It snarled with fury, veering towards Rylands and Fanny from the left. Rylands aimed; pressed the trigger; misfired. Their elephant shied, and the tiger bounded through her legs and came rocketing up her off foreleg. Rylands had reloaded, and shot at the tiger again with the muzzle of his Savage practically in its face. Again he misfired. The tiger pawed at the mahout, who had taken it on with his goad, and Rylands was belabouring it with his rifle when the rajah fired. The tiger peeled off and fell wriggling in the dust, and the elephant trumpeted as she made pulp of it under her feet.

I arrived on the scene to find Fanny bandaging the mahout's thigh with the sleeve of her blouse. Fortunately he was not badly mauled and the morning was concluded satisfactorily, with the principals of the party being photographed with the tigers, then a magnificent lunch in the marquee back at the starting point, at which Rylands with great aplomb publicly thanked His Highness for saving their lives. The rajah was the hero of the day, and the mahout was given 101 rupees for his courage. Everybody was happy.

THAT evening, when we returned, Douglas Rylands took a rifle cartridge from his pocket and handed it to me.

"One of this morning's misfires," he said. "It's a dud. And here are three others from the same belt handed me before the shoot. They're duds, too."

I pulled out the bullets and examined the shells. As he said, they were duds. The ammunition manufacturers could, of course, have been responsible for the duds, but I had been long enough in the political department to treat that possibility as remote. The situation was really rather tricky.

"The best thing you can do is get out of the state as soon as possible," I told my guest. "Please go. I'm seriously worried about you."

He looked at me for a few moments, his face set obstinately. "You'll have to throw me out of your house if you want me to go before my leave is up," he said. "I'm damned if I'm going to be scared off by the rajah's thugs."

The next day was Gymkhana Day and Raipal fluttered gaily, with flags and streamers decking the roads and bazaars, and the inhabitants of the state capital out in their brightest clothes. That afternoon they packed the circumference of the maidan like a vividly coloured herbaceous border, enthusiastically cheering every feat attempted by the competitors on horseback.

In the marquee were the rajah's special guests —his court circle, his ministers and advisers, some of the European officials who had jobs in the state, and those who were staying at the guest house.

I was at the refreshment bar, sipping at a cup of tea. When I looked towards the Merrills, I found that my chair near Fanny was now occupied by an Indian in jodhpurs, a silk shirt and a green turban tied loosely in the Rajput style. I recognized the courtier who, at the tiger shoot, had warned Fanny against going up on Douglas's elephant.

Later, when the courtier vacated my chair, I went and sat down. "Did you see who was here?" Fanny asked.

"What did he want to warn you about this time?"

She looked over to where a number of competitors were making towards their mounts for the next event, among them the rajah, very tall and immaculate, walking with hauteur. We saw them mount, wheel and pace about to form a single line. As we watched, we saw the courtier run up and hand something to Douglas Rylands. It looked like a message, because he unfolded it, read it, then glanced back towards us.

"That chit," Fanny said, "was from me. I've asked him to try not to win the rings."

I made no comment. She explained: "Douglas has already won the jumps and the musical ride. The rings has always been the rajah's event. It would be in better taste to let him have it."

"Is that what our friend of the green turban suggested? Did he ask you to write the chit?"

She nodded. "Everybody, he said, was most anxious that His Highness should win the rings." She turned to me anxiously. "Well, if it means so much to them, Douglas can let him have it."

ON the field the competitors were poised in line, their lances held high. Across the pitch were eight bamboo posts stuck in the ground in series, each with a bracket suspending a metal ring; and the riders began to peel off the line one by one to take the rings with their lances, at the gallop.

Most were eliminated in the first run, but others followed them out quickly, till, after twenty minutes, only the rajah and Rylands remained.

It was the rajah's turn again. With a shout to his horse, he was riding hard at the first of the posts, the mane and tail of his piebald Arab flowing like silk, tensed forward himself and thrusting all his concentration into the tip of his spear.

He took the first ring, the second and the third. He dropped the fourth, took the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, then the eighth, and rode back tipping his catch on the grass for the judges to count. Applause went round the maidan in waves.

"Douglas only needs six to lose spectacularly," Fanny said excitedly.

Fresh rings had been put up on the posts. Rylands got his signal to go, gathered himself together so that his horse reared, and shot forward the moment its four hooves touched the turf. Rylands picked off the first, second, third and fourth rings as if he were threading beads. The fifth he nearly dropped, but as he was shaking it on to his lance, his horse swerved at a white handkerchief suddenly thrown in its path. He was nearly unseated, but pulled his mount back on the course and just made the

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sixth by reaching out as far as he could. Then, getting his horse once more under control, he took the seventh and eighth in classic style, and rode back to the start with the wildest cheers of the evening. It was a superb ride, but the only spectator in the marquee who wasn't clapping was Fanny. Out of the corner of my eye I could see she was biting her lip.

Rylands probably brought it on himself by his bull-headed and rather juvenile perverseness, but an oddly sinister thing happened next. Rylands had gone out to dine with the Merrills at a guest house one night and, on returning, found his car went out of control at the first right-hand turn; the right-hand turn led to the canal. Rylands took a ducking and, when he tried to pull himself out of the water, found a gang of men waiting for him.

He would doubtless have drowned, but for the fact that Merrill, out for a breath of air in his own car, happened to turn into the canal road at that time. The gang made off.

I don't know if Fanny heard about it at the time; certainly, if she did, it made little difference to her attitude. For some days she had been seeing a lot of the rajah, and on the day of the big polo match—Raipal versus "the world," Rylands's scratch team representing the world—she went out of her way to show favour to him.

By tremendous personal skill, Rylands had succeeded in making the crack Raipal team look like a bunch of beginners, but at half time, Fanny went over to where the rajah had dismounted. She congratulated him on his play, made a few observations on the game, and added, loud enough for the little assembly to hear: "My sincere hope is that your Highness will win—if you have not won already."

To the rajah the remark could have meant only one thing, because he reacted with characteristic magnanimity: when Rylands returned to the Residency after the match, a brand-new Bentley was standing under the porch—with a message from the Prime Minister to the effect that His Highness had heard with regret of Mr. Rylands's unfortunate accident and hoped that he would accept the new car as a substitute for the one lost on Raipal territory. The rajah was a generous victor.

WHEN I saw Douglas at dinner, he was depressed. "I just don't understand Fanny—she isn't consistent," he said, jabbing at his soup.

"I have a theory," I said.

He looked up, prepared to endure me patiently. I went on: "What lies at the base of Fanny's character? What motivates her, governs her reactions? Remember that pathetic little goat at Gondruba, and the way she tore her sleeves off to bandage the mahout? . . . I believe Fanny is terribly easily touched, congenitally on the side of the underdog."

He looked up, comprehending.

I said: "Now, by the oddest piece of feminine reasoning, the object of her compassion is the rajah."

"Why, in hell's name, the rajah?"

"He's quite a pathetic object really—reared in a brutal school, spoiled, corrupted. What chance did he have next to a man like you? You know how to win a game, but you know how to lose, also. Not His Highness. He's never been allowed to lose in his life. He's a fine sportsman all right, but none of his obsequious companions has ever dared to touch him at anything, and it was hoped when you were invited for the gymkhana that you, too, would fall into line in deference to your host. But you did not. Instead, you kicked the props from under his carefully boosted invincibility. Intuitively, Fanny realized the torture he must have suffered, and you, Rylands, tortured him."

He jumped up. "I'm going to have it out with her," he declared.

"Have your dinner first. Men make bigger fools of themselves on an empty stomach."

After dinner he went out in his new Bentley, and I went into my study to finish a lengthy report I had been working on. When the telephone rang half an hour later, it was Roderick Merrill. "It's about Rylands," he said. "He was here demanding to see Fanny—wanted to know where she had gone. Nellie, like a fool, blurted out that Fanny's dining with H.H. at the palace. 'Ring her tomorrow,' I told him. 'You can't butt in now.' 'Can't I?' he said. 'It's about time she learnt something about His Tortured Highness!'. Then he banged out and drove off. Frankly, I'm worried."

He certainly had reason to be. Rylands, in his current mood, could land himself in anything. "Ram Lal!" I called to the curtained door, the moment I hung up.

In less than three seconds my *abdar* was in the room. "Sahib?"

"Get my car round to the front. *Jaldi!*"

Later, when I asked Rylands what he hoped to gain by rushing out of the Merrills' and driving hell for leather for the palace, he couldn't tell me what he was planning to do. Jealous and frustrated, his one thought was to get to Fanny, in the vague hope of stopping her making promises she might regret for life. The possible outcome of his blundering did not deter him. He was determined to act first and damn the consequences.

A SENTRY presented arms at the immense ornate gates of the palace, as Rylands turned in and went swiftly up the drive. A full, bright moon kept pace on the lake's surface, through the reeds and the lotus crops and the lapping flat-bottomed boats moored under a fantastically painted bridge. Up at the head of the drive, the Moti Mahal, the Pearl Palace, stood like a white layered cake, with a gleaming onion of a dome and tall minarets around it like birthday candles.

He stopped his Bentley at the foot of a semi-circular flight of stone steps. Massive teak doors stood open, but instead of a present-arms, the two guards barred his entry with crossed bayonets.

"Let me pass," Rylands said. "I am Rylands whom the Rajah Sahib has summoned from the Residency by telephone."

It worked. They sprang to attention, and he heard them sloping arms conscientiously and butt-saluting as he passed by the suits of armour against the walls.

Inside the palace, he wondered exactly what he should do. To the left, a long corridor stretched infinitely with a line of white-clad servants sitting on their haunches at intervals along the entire length. Every servant stood up for him as he passed, and sat again, so that a wave of humanity rose and fell. This parade obviously led to the rajah's suite. But, as Rylands knew he would certainly be barred at the door, he decided quickly on some sort of a flank attack, slipped off through one of the side doors, and within a few minutes was completely lost in a maze of passages and rooms.

Some were bare, others crowded with an incongruous assortment of furniture, ornaments, carpets, tapestries and pictures. One room was devoted to trophies laid out on the floor; the walls were plastered with photographs of cricket and polo teams in each of which His Highness figured prominently.

Up a carpeted staircase he went, past a shadow that suddenly salaamed. He was on an upper-storey veranda, with latticed windows overlooking the gardens behind the palace, when he heard shouts somewhere downstairs. The salaaming shadow responded shrilly, and suddenly the place was alive with the patter of bare feet: the guards at the door had probably checked on his story, found they had admitted an undesirable without authority, and had raised the alarm.

Rylands stepped into an alcove, and waited for the feet to patter past.

Emerging, he looked down on the garden—a pattern of symmetrical flower-beds and immaculate lawns, intersected by flagged paths and waterways in the conventional Moghul style. Rows of trained lime trees, like

skittles, flanked the main path, and there, in the unbelievable moonlight, two figures in white were walking up towards the central pond. Unmistakably they were Fanny and the rajah.

Dropping softly on to the turf from the windows, Rylands ran swiftly towards the centre of the garden, dodging from bush to bush teeming with fireflies. They had reached the pond and stood against a background crowded with gushing fountain jets, like a spring orchard gleaming in the moonlight with silver blossom, and falling with a clatter on the surface of the water.

The picture in the cool garden was one of such grace and elegance that Rylands, for the first time, realized just what he had done in bursting into the palace. The falling water blanketed not only the words of the two people at the fountain, but also the sounds of pursuit he had left behind in the palace. He stood in the moonlight, desperately embarrassed, feeling like an overgrown schoolboy, and, for the life of him, unable to think what he should do next.

As it happened, he had to do nothing. Behind him, the sounds from the palace spilled out into the night; white-clad figures flickered in the archways, and the rajah and Fanny turned.

Rylands stood there, not attempting to move.

"Douglas!" Fanny said. "What on earth are you doing here?"

But the rajah had summed the situation up in an instant. He turned to the first of the stream of servants now pouring out of the palace. "*Thik hai!*" he shouted, holding up his hands. "It's all right. You can go back."

And then, when they had retreated, he turned smoothly to Rylands. "The unexpected Mr. Rylands!" In the moonlight, his eyes were glinting with a kind of sardonic humour. "I'm glad you have come, Rylands. No, no, please do not apologize. It is I who should apologize for my childish behaviour. . . ." He looked at Fanny for a moment. "I have had an enchanting evening, but Miss Pendred has not been able to conceal the true reason why she favoured me so obviously at the polo match—because, I'm sorry to say, she had some notion that your life was in danger from certain extremist elements in this state."

With resignation, he added: "At last I must accept that whatever else I may command, I cannot command the heart of this kind and beautiful woman. It is lost to you, my friend."

Rylands looked at Fanny. "Is that true?"

Fanny looked from one to the other. "You're a pig-headed ass, Douglas. I like you, we have a lot in common, but we could never really understand one another. On the other hand, your Highness and I could have a perfect understanding, but we have nothing in common. I'm afraid I cannot marry either of you."

They watched her in some amazement as, plucking up her skirt to lift the hem off the ground, she walked with perfect grace up the moonlit path towards the palace.

I saw her as I stood on the veranda, having entered the palace a few minutes before. I went down the steps to meet her, and she took my arm. "Please take me home," she said.

The rivals, I believe, went back into the palace, where they drank a bottle of brandy and played a game of chess in which both tried their best to lose. There, I told the younger guests, the episode ended.

"And then?" my niece demanded remorselessly.

I turned to my wife. "You finish the story for them, Fanny."

They looked at her, now a frank-looking woman in her middle fifties, erect, handsome, with a hovering smile in the expression round her mouth. The smile broke into a gay laugh.

"Well," she said, "there's nothing much more to it, really — though Horace did take an unconscionable time to pop the question. I'd had my eye on him all along." THE END

THE FAR COUNTRY

Continued from page 16

because I thought you'd ring from London."

She crossed to him and kissed him. "Poor old Daddy," she said softly. "I'm back now, anyhow. I wish I'd never gone away."

Jennifer soon found that she had a full-time job ahead of her in Leicester. In the last fortnight of her mother's life the house had been in complete confusion, with a nurse living in; because of the extra work, the domestic who came in each morning had given notice and left, and it had proved impossible to replace her. The house was dirty and uncared for, and her mother's bedroom was still full of all her clothes and personal belongings. On top of that, her father was working fourteen hours a day and requiring meals at irregular times, and every day at surgery hours Jennifer had to monitor innumerable patients who came for prescriptions on the Health Service.

As she had realized, the loss of his wife had made an enormous gap in her father's life. She found him distracted and morose, and with a morbid interest in her mother's grave and the choice of the tombstone, and the text to go on it. At first she fell in with these interests because they seemed to be the only ones he had, but presently she came to feel that the continual walks up to the cemetery were not good for him, and started to try to get him interested in other things. She found that when he managed to get free from patients to go to his club for a game of bridge before dinner, he came back relaxed and cheerful from good company and whisky, and she began organizing the patients so that he should get at least two of these evenings in the course of a week.

Presently she extended these activities, and by disciplining the patients with a sarcastic tongue, she managed to free her father for lunches of the Rotary Club, for dinners of the organizations he belonged to, and even for an occasional game of bowls as summer came on.

She had no close friends in Leicester, having worked in London for some years. The two or three girls with whom she had been intimate at school had married and gone away, and though she had a number of school acquaintances in the district, she did not bother much with them. She felt herself to be a transient in her own home town, and though she had only been in Australia for about a month, she felt herself to be far more Australian than English in her outlook.

Controls that she had once accepted as the normal way of life now irritated her. Studying to make meals more interesting for her father, she thought longingly of the claret that Jack Dorman bought in five-gallon stone jars for seven shillings a gallon, and of unlimited cream; the ration books perplexed her, and meat was a continual bad-tempered joke.

She did her best to conceal these feelings from her father; she had not come home to England to distress him by whining about a better country on the other side of the world. All his friends and all his interests were in Leicester, and her job was to make the best of it.

She was not entirely successful in her efforts; Edward Morton was no fool, and as the grief at his wife's death abated, he began to take more interest in his daughter. The frequent air mail letters that she never discussed with him showed that her interests were very far away, and the fact that most of them were in a Continental handwriting intrigued him; he was quite shrewd enough to realize that in the few weeks she had spent out there a man had come into her life. He set himself to draw her out one evening, sitting by the fire when they had done the washing-up.

"What's it really like out in Australia, Jenny?" he inquired. "Is it very different from this? I don't mean physical things, like food and drink. What's it really *like*?"

She sat staring down at the socks that she was darning. "It's very like England in most ways," she said. "The people out there think of everything in terms of England. I believe they think more of the Royal Family than we do. England seems to mean an awful lot to them. I don't know how to tell you what it's really like. It's like England, only better."

He sat digesting this for a minute or two. "Is it as your grandmother thought it would be, like England half a century ago?"

"Not really," she said slowly. "There aren't the servants and the social life that she was thinking of. All that's quite different. But out there you feel perhaps it may be rather like the essential England she was thinking of. If you do a good job you get a good life." She raised her eyes. "It's all so very *English*," she said. "When they make some money, they spend it in the sort of way we'd spend it—if we were allowed to make any and if we were allowed to spend it."

"You didn't feel as if you were a stranger there?"

She shook her head. "I never felt as if I was a stranger."

He filled and lit his pipe. "Meet any doctors out there?"

"I met one," she said.

"They don't have any health service there, do they?"

"I don't think so," she said. "There's no panel even, like we used to have. I think there may be some sort of a voluntary insurance scheme, but I'm really not very sure, Daddy."

"Are there enough doctors to go round? Too many, or too few?"

"Far too few, I think. That's in the country, where the Dormans live. I don't know about the towns."

He sat in silence for a minute, thinking it over. "This doctor that you met—do you know what he charged a visit?"

"I don't know—he wasn't in practice." There was no harm in telling him, and it might make things easier between them than if she were to keep up an unnecessary concealment. "He was a D.P., a Czech doctor who's not on the register. He's the one who keeps writing to me."

"Oh. I wasn't trying to be nosey, Jenny."

"I know you weren't. I don't mind telling you about him."

"What's his name?"

"Carl Zlinter," she said. "They call him Splinter in the lumber camp. All D.P.s have to work where they're directed for two years when they first come to Australia; he works at cutting down trees. He graduated at Prague, and then he was a surgeon in the German Army in the war."

He opened his eyes; this daughter of his had certainly wandered far from Leicester. "How did you meet him, Jenny?"

"There was an accident with a bulldozer in the forest," she said. "I was with Jack Dorman; we came along just after it had happened."

She could smell the aromatic odours of the gum tree forest, and feel the hot sunshine in her memory. She stared into the fire, too small—for coal economy—to warm the room.

"Two men were hurt very badly, one with a foot trapped under the bulldozer that had to be taken off on the spot, and one with a fractured skull. There was nobody to do anything about it but Carl, and no woman to act as nurse but me, so he asked me to help him with the amputation and the trephine. He did both of them beautifully, but then the man with the amputation got hold of a bottle of whisky and got fighting drunk, and died. There was a fearful row about it, because Carl wasn't on the register, of course."

Her father was deeply interested. He asked a number of questions about the operations and treatment but refrained from more personal inquiries, and Jennifer did not take the story further than the medical side. Her father had enough information to digest without telling him about the lost township of Howqua, and Charlie Zlinter and his dog. All she said was: "Working with him like that kind of broke the ice. He writes to me still."

Her father smiled. "I imagine that you couldn't be too distant after getting yourselves into a scrape like that." Jennifer's mother had been a nurse; his mind went back to the day when he had met her first, at St. Thomas's, when he was a medical student; he had stepped back suddenly and made her drop a thermometer, which broke, and then he had to pacify the sister and explain that it was his fault. Medicine was strong in Jennifer's family, but it was a pity that she had got mixed up with a foreigner who wasn't on the register.

Jennifer kept up a correspondence with Jane Dorman, largely about Angela's coming visit to England; with some reluctance the Dormans had decided to let their daughter take a job

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in the old country provided that she had a job lined up to go to before leaving Australia, and they had booked a passage for her for the following January. Jennifer and her father went to some trouble over this, and finally got the promise of a job for her at St. Mary's Hospital in Paddington and put her down for a room in a hostel for young women in Marylebone. They were rewarded by an ecstatic letter from Angela and a steady flow of food parcels from Jane.

Tim Archer, the hired hand at Leonora, wrote rather a depressed letter about all this to Jennifer, who told him in reply that he had nothing much to worry about; in her opinion Paddington would probably cure Angela of her obsession in about two years, and then she would be back.

From Jane Dorman she heard about the oil painting that Jane had ordered from Stanislaus Shulkin, the Estonian D.P. He had painted a picture of the main street of Banbury in glowing sunset light, which Jane liked for its glorious colours and Jack Dorman liked for its exactitude and because it showed the Queen's Head Hotel. It now hung in the kitchen of Leonora homestead, and in planning the new house Jane Dorman was making a special place for it where she could see it as she sat before the fire.

It had been much admired in the neighbourhood, and Mr. Shulkin had got commissions from two of their station neighbours.

"I don't know what he's done with the portrait he was doing of you," Jane wrote. "He told me that he couldn't finish it because you'd gone away, and anyway, he said it wasn't any good. My own belief is that Splinter's got it, but I don't know that; perhaps you do."

Of Carl Zlinter Jane said: "We see him about once a month; he came here to tea on Sunday. Dr. Jennings wrote to the British Medical Association about getting him on the register in less than three years, and Carl has been to Melbourne twice for interviews. He thinks he'll probably get some concession, and he seems very anxious now to get on to the register and be allowed to practise in Victoria, but I don't know where the money's coming from to keep him while he studies.

"Jack told me to see if I could find out how he stood for money, and I tried to without asking the direct question, but he wasn't a bit receptive; apparently he thinks he can manage his affairs himself and of course it's much better if he can, but where the money's coming from I can't tell you."

Jennifer heard from Carl Zlinter at odd intervals, usually four or five times in a month. He wrote to her irregularly, and when the mood was on him; on one occasion she got three letters in a week, and then nothing for a fortnight. His letters contained few protestations of love; they were mostly factual accounts of what he had been doing, sometimes with touches of sly humour. As Jane had supposed, Jennifer knew all about her picture.

"I have your portrait hanging in my hut in the Howqua," he wrote, "and because I go there regularly even in this bad weather I see you every weekend. Last Saturday there were three inches of snow in Jock McDougall's paddock where we parked the car and I got my feet wet, but I had plenty of dry wood in the hut and we soon had a big fire going. Harry Peters was with me, the driver of the bulldozer who had the head injury that we operated upon. He is quite recovered now and is back on the job driving a truck, but I do not think he will be able to drive a bulldozer again safely. He does not want to; he wants to go to Melbourne and study metallurgy and get a job in a steel works, and I think he will be doing this before very long. In the meantime he comes out with me each week to Howqua."

Jennifer wondered what on earth they found to do in the Howqua valley in the snow; he had told her in a previous letter that the fishing season was over. Perhaps they worked upon the furnishings and details of the hut. . . .

"I had a great deal of trouble with Stan Shulkin over your picture because he did not want to give it to me; he said it was too good to give to Mrs. Dorman and he was going to keep it and put it in an exhibition. I told him that you would certainly bring him to court if he did that without asking your permission, and I should go at once to the Police Sergeant Russell and tell him, and then he said that I could have it if I paid him for it. I told him that he was a very greedy man because Mrs. Dorman had paid him for three pictures, and then he said this was an extra that he had not shown to Mrs. Dorman.

"However, I got it from him in the end by promising to pay him when I became qualified as a doctor, and now it hangs in the hut at the Howqua, and I look forward all the week to going there to see it again."

He told her very little about his negotiations with the Medical Registration Board; throughout his letters there was a calm assurance that he would be a doctor again, but he had no definite ideas on how long it would take. He said once: "I am going to Melbourne again next week to see the M.R.B. and I think it may be easier to get into a hospital in England than in Melbourne because the Melbourne hospitals are very full of Australian students. I am thinking of booking a passage to England because it may take a long time to get a passage, and they will give back the money if you do not go."

Apparently he was not short of money, and this puzzled Jennifer a good deal. She asked in her next letter if he had really booked a passage to England, but he did not answer, nor did he answer when she asked a

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TAKE MY TIP

I AM still playing some of my gramophone records which have been broken clean in two. I mended them by placing the two halves together on a firm flat surface, laying half-inch lengths of wire on the plain edges and centre of the record and pressing down with a hot screwdriver—taking care not to leave the screwdriver on too long.—F. Deakin, Sheffield.

JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

second time. She stopped asking after that; if he did not want to tell her things he need not; they were of different nationalities and from different backgrounds, and she knew that it would be a long time, if they ever married, before she understood him thoroughly. His letters were a great pleasure to her, and his calm assurance that all would be well was comforting.

In September she got a letter that thrilled her, and informed her at the same time.

"It has been arranged for me here that I can study for the English medical degree at Guy's Hospital in London because there is no room in the Melbourne hospitals.

"I have passed two examinations in Melbourne since you left for England and these results are good in London; you see, I have been working very hard in the evenings at Lamirra and at Howqua learning again in English all the textbook medicine I learned and forgot when I was a young man. So now they say that if I can get to England I may go to Guy's Hospital. I do not know how long I must work there before I become qualified, perhaps not more than a year, and in any case I do not think longer than two years.

"So now I must come to England. There is a ship called the *Achilles* that is now loading sugar at Townsville in Queensland and I will try to take a job on her. I may have to pay for my passage but I have not got very much money so if I can work I would like it.

"I am bringing your picture with me in a packing-case. I have asked Billy Slim to look after my hut at Howqua, and I have left him a little money for repairs, and if a window blows in or a sheet of iron on the roof comes loose he will mend it for me, so it will be there for me to have when I can come back to this country. And there for you also, I hope.

"I do not think that it will be possible for you to write to me again because I do not know what ship I shall go on, or when it will start or when I shall come to England. I will write to you to tell you these things as quickly as I know them, and I will come to Leicester to see you very soon."

JENNIFER read this letter over and over again in the privacy of her bedroom. The tragedy of her return to England was working out in comedy; Carl Zlinter was on his way to England and she would see him again.

A picture came into her mind of the dynamic energy and competence of this dark, lean man that had produced this result and in so short a time. In a barrack hut at Lamirra, a hut similar to the one that he had operated in with her, smelling of washing and whisky and raw, unpainted wood, he had studied every night at medical textbooks; he had then gone down to Melbourne and sat for two examinations in a language foreign to him in a strange place with strange people, and had passed them.

Over and above this academic effort he had somehow or other financed himself, and he had negotiated and corresponded till he had secured himself a place in a hospital in England, twelve thousand miles away, a country that he had never been to. This man was shouldering his way through all these difficulties and brushing each of them aside in turn, because he wanted to practise as a doctor in the country of his choice, and because he wanted to marry her.

She could not possibly keep this news to herself. At dinner that night she said as casually as she could manage:

"Carl Zlinter's coming to England, Daddy. He's going to requalify at Guy's."

He noted her shining eyes and her faint colour, and he was glad for this daughter of his, whatever changes there might be in store for him. "That's interesting," he said, equally casually. "How did he manage that?"

She told him, if not all about it, as much as she thought good for him to know. They discussed the matter for a

"Henry, meet Miss . . . oh, you've met before"

quarter of an hour; in the end he asked:

"What's he going to do when he's qualified? Practise in England, in the Health Service?"

She shook her head. "I shouldn't think so. He wants to go back to Australia."

He was about to ask her if she would like to go back to Australia herself, but he stopped and said nothing; no sense in asking her a thing like that. He knew very well that if she were free of her responsibilities to himself she would never have come back to England; if this chap Zlinter were to ask her to marry him and go back with him to Australia, he could not possibly stand in her way.

Jennifer heard from Carl a week later that the *Achilles* had sailed without him and he was coming home in a ship called the *Innisfail*, probably sailing in about three days' time.

"They will not take me as steward," he wrote, "and I shall have to pay for the journey which is a very bad thing, but I shall have time to work. . . ."

She heard nothing more until she got an air mail letter from Port Said nearly a month later. His ship had called in for fuel.

"We do not go very fast," he said, "and although we have gone steadily all the time it has taken us thirty-four days to get to this place. I think we shall arrive in London in about another fortnight, and I must then find a place cheap to live near to the hospital. As soon as it is possible I will come to Leicester, but I cannot say what day that will be on."

HE came to her one Friday evening at the end of November. She had walked down to the chemist to pick up a parcel for her father; it was a fine, starry night with a cold wind that made her walk quickly. She was fighting her way back, head down against a freezing wind in the suburban street. She raised her head suddenly as she got near the house and saw a man peering at the houses in the dim light of the street lamps, trying to read the numbers, perhaps looking for the doctor's plate upon the door. He was a tall man, rather thin, dressed in a foreign soft felt hat and in a shabby raincoat.

She cried, "Carl!" and ran to meet him. He turned, and said, "Jenny!" and took both her hands. In another moment she was in his arms. She dropped the parcel and something in it cracked as it fell; it lay unheeded at their feet as he kissed her.

She said presently: "Oh, Carl! When did you get to England?"

He held her close. "We arrived on Tuesday," he said, "to the London Docks. I have found a room to live in, in Coram Street, in Bloomsbury, and I have been to the hospital yesterday, and I am to start working on Monday. I do not know how long it is that I shall have to work, but I think that it will be for one and a half years. I do not think it will be longer than that."

She said: "Oh, Carl—that's splendid! What are you doing now? Have you come for the weekend?"

He said, a little diffidently: "I did not know if it would be convenient if I should stay. I have brought a bag, but I have left it at the station in the cloakroom. Perhaps I could take a room at the hotel, and see you again tomorrow."

"Of course not, Carl. We've got a spare room here—I'll make up the bed. That's where we live," she said, nodding at the house. "Daddy's in there now—he wants to meet you."

She stood in his arms, thinking, for a moment. "We've got such a lot to talk about," she said. "Daddy's got a meeting of the committee of the bowls club in our house tonight; he's the chairman or the president or something. Don't let's get mixed up in that. Would you mind if we go out and have a meal, some place where we can talk? They finish about nine o'clock generally. We can come back then, and you can meet daddy."

He smiled down at her. "Of course," he said. "Whatever you will say is good for me."

"Wait here just a minute," she said. "I'll go in and put this parcel down, and tell daddy what we're doing."

A few minutes later, she rejoined him underneath the street lamp. "I know a little place where we can get a meal," she said. "Not like we'd have got in Australia, of course, but good for here. It's quiet there, and we can talk."

She took his arm and they went off together down the street, walking very close to each other. She took him to a café near the station, a frowzy place, undecorated for some fifteen years, but reasonably warm inside, and cheap: she knew that he was short of money and she knew that he would never let her pay for her own meal. There was no meat on the menu, so they ordered fish pie and cabbage, with apple tart and custard to follow. And then they settled down, and talked, and talked, and talked.

They sat so long over their meal that the bored waitress began turning out the lights; they woke up to the fact that it was eight o'clock and the place was closing. Jennifer said: "We'll have to go, Carl."

He paid the bill and helped her into her coat. He said: "Shall we go back to the station and get my bag and take it to your house?"

"It's too early," she objected. "That blasted meeting won't be over yet, and there's no fire in the drawing-room. . . ." She thought for a moment. "There's a little picture theatre, Carl," she said. "It's a bit of a bug-house. It's showing one of those pictures the Americans make for South America, all gigolos and black-haired beauties dancing with tambourines—a perfect stinker. The house'll be half empty. If we go in there we can talk quietly, at the back of the circle."

They went there, and the film was as she had described it, a noisy picture with plenty of orchestra and raucous singing. In the warmth of the circle, seated very close together, they gave no attention whatever to the screen.

"Tell me one thing, Carl," she said when they were settled down. "What are you doing about money? Are things very difficult?"

He pressed her hand between his own. "I must be very careful," he said. "I have now about one thousand one hundred pounds, and on that I must live till I am qualified. Then I shall ask if you will marry me, and by that time I shall be quite broke."

"We'll manage somehow, Carl."

"I have not asked you yet," he observed. "I am only warning."

"And I'm warning you that if you don't look out, I might say yes."

CARL leaned a little from her and undid his overcoat; he fished in an inside pocket and pulled out a little object. He put it in her hand.

"It is for you," he said, "one day. Perhaps not yet."

She held it up to the reflected light from the Technicolor scene; it was a ring formed heavily of reddish gold with curious, cable-like markings around it. "Oh, Carl!" she said. "Is this a wedding ring?"

He took it from her. "You go too quickly," he said. "It is an engagement ring, but it is not for you just yet. Not till I have met your father and he has said that he agrees."

"Well, let me see it, anyway. I promise I won't put it on."

He gave it back to her. "It's just like a wedding ring," she said. "It's gold, isn't it?"

"I know that an engagement ring, it should have precious stones," he said. "I could not afford to buy precious stones to put in it, Jenny. But this is solid gold, gold from the Howqua." He smiled down at her. "I know that it is very pure gold, because I made it myself."

She stared at him in the dim light from the screen. "You made it?"

"I made it," he replied. "Harry Peters showed me how to make a ring like this, or a bracelet of gold, or a pendant. He is the man who had the broken head, on whom we did trephine. It is very lucky that we managed to save his life, or he could not have taught me how to do these things."

"But, Carl, where did you get the gold from?"

"It is Charlie Zlinter's gold," he told her quietly. "It would not be good for you to talk about this, perhaps, even here in England and on the other side of the world."

In the stuffy half-light of the Midlands cinema she stared up at him. "I won't say a word, Carl. Charlie Zlinter's gold?"

"There was a box," he said. "The box that Mary Nolan told you she had seen, a tin box that he called his ditty box. In this box he kept his valuables."

"That's right," said Jennifer. "When she went back to the cabin the morning he was drowned, the door

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was open, and she looked for the box to put it away for him, and she couldn't find it."

He nodded. "Charlie Zlinter had put it away before. He was not too drunk to look after his money."

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Where did he put it?"

He smiled at her. "Under the stone," he said. "The stone that weighed four hundredweight, that only he could lift. You remember how we found it together, on our last day in the Howqua?"

She could remember every detail of that day, and the sheer grief of it, and the sunshine, and the clean scent of the eucalyptus and the flashing reflections from the river down below, and the brilliance of the parrots in the woods. "Of course I do," she said. "Was the box under that?"

"It was under the stone," he said. "I found it only one week after you were gone to England, but I did not dare to say that in a letter. I think if it was known I had found gold it would be taken by the police, perhaps in England, also, so you must not talk about it. I think that it is better that I use it to become a doctor."

"I won't say a word, Carl. How much gold was there?"

"There were fifty-two coins of one pound," he told her. "Sovereigns, they are called. Also, there was just over five pounds in weight of washed river gold, the gold dust that they find in the river beds. Billy Slim has told me that in Howqua this gold dust was used for money. The hotel would take it for payment, and they had little scales in the bar to weigh the gold with, how much it was worth. I think also the bullock driver, he took gold for payment, too, because in the box were little brass scales, also. His gold dust was in two leather bags, one large bag and one small bag."

"Was he a relation of yours, Carl? Were there any papers to say who he was?"

He shook his head. "I do not know. The water had been lying in the hole beneath the stone, and the box was eaten away with rust. There had been papers once, but nothing was left—nothing that I could read. There was only the rusted sides and bottom of the box, and the two leather bags, rotten, and with the gold spilling out from them, and the fifty-two gold coins lying in the rust, and the little scales." He paused. "I do not think that we shall ever know who Charlie Zlinter was."

JENNIFER sat thinking about it for a time, absently watching the coloured mime on the screen. Presently she turned to him again. "You must have had a job lifting that stone, Carl," she said. "Did you have anyone to help you?"

He shook his head. "I was quite alone." He hesitated. "I might have had Billy Slim to help," he said. "I was lucky. It was the first time that I had been there since we said goodbye, and I was sad, and I went there to work very hard and to be quite alone, because it is good to work very hard when everything seems bad." She pressed his hand. "I had the timber for the house, and I borrowed Billy's crowbar, and I levered up each corner of the stone and put underneath a wedge of wood. It took nearly all the day to move it four feet back and make the new place for it, and then when it was moved away from the old hole I saw the box."

She asked him: "What did you do when you saw it, Carl? Were you terribly excited?"

He said quietly: "I was very sad that we had not found it together. I stood looking at the rusty pieces and the things in the hole, and I thought: That must be the box that Mary Nolan talked about. And I was not at all excited. I was very sad that you had had to go away, and that you were not there to share the discovery with me."

She put her face up impulsively, and he leaned forward in the half light and kissed her. Presently she said: "What do you do with gold dust when you've got it, Carl? If you can't tell anybody about it?"

He smiled down at her. "There are several things that you can do with gold dust," he told her, "but they are all very wicked, and if you are discovered you will go to prison. One way is that you can take out a licence to be a prospector for gold. Then you go camping up the river in deserted places, washing the gravel in a little pan to try to find gold. Presently you find it, and come back with it, and sell it to the bank."

She laughed. "Did you do that?"

"No," he said. "I thought that it would become complicated if they ask where I had found it."

"It might," she agreed. "Well, what did you do?"

"Another way," he said imperturbably, "is to build a little hut in the middle of the woods where nobody would ever think to go."

"Like the Howqua," she laughed softly.

"It could be like the Howqua," he agreed. "And you must have a friend, a good friend, who thinks he has a debt to you, who understands metallurgy and how metals can be melted."

"Like Harry Peters," she observed. "I wondered why on earth you took him to the Howqua."

"It could be like Harry Peters," he agreed. "And there in the hut you make a little furnace with a cylinder of gas to heat a little crucible, and these things have to be hidden very carefully from Billy Slim."

"Oh, Carl!"

"And then," he said, "you bring many candles and you melt the wax, and you carve a bracelet out of candle-wax, or it could be a ring like this ring. And you put the wax bracelet in a pan of soft plaster-of-Paris and you let the plaster set till it is hard. And then you heat the plaster and the wax melts and runs out of a small hole you make, and so you have a mould in the middle of the plaster where the wax bracelet was. Then your pour in the melted gold and let it cool, and break the plaster away, and there is your bracelet or your ring, made of solid gold."

She looked up, laughing. "Is that how my ring was made, Carl?"

He pressed her hand. "I made that ring and a hundred and five bracelets, all in four weekends."

"A hundred and five bracelets! What on earth did you do with them?"

"It is very tedious," he said. "You must take one bracelet and go to a jeweller in Melbourne, and to him you say that your Aunt Catherine has died who lived in the goldfields fifty years ago, and you have found this bracelet in her jewel box. Then you ask if he will buy it for the weight of the gold. The proper price is fifteen pounds for each ounce of the weight, but he will only give nine or ten pounds." He paused. "It is very slow and difficult, because it is not safe to go to more than two or three jewellers in each town. There is a better way, that I discovered very soon."

"What's that, Carl?"

He said: "This third way is very simple and very easy. You must wait

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Check it first

HOW much of what you "know" is based on what you have "heard"? You can challenge almost any statement you like, and you will find it depends on rumour, or what someone else has said.

No one ever knows who starts these rumours. No one cares—and that's the danger. "Common knowledge" is often common ignorance. We should be careful what we pass on to others unless we have verified it first.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

till a ship from India, with an Indian captain, comes to Melbourne, and you wait until the captain comes on shore. You go then to the captain in the hotel and you say: 'Can I sell you my gold?' In Bombay he can get thirty pounds for each ounce, but he must smuggle it out of Australia and into India."

"How much did he give you, Carl?"

"Eighteen pounds an ounce."

"And that's where the eleven hundred pounds came from?"

He nodded. "I think that it was worth the risk," he said, "because I wanted to come to England to see you, Jenny, and to be a doctor again."

"It was worth it, Carl," she said softly. "We'd better forget all about it now, and never talk of it again. We don't want anybody else to get to know about that gold."

They sat talking together in low tones till half past nine, not paying the slightest attention to the picture. Then Jennifer stirred and looked at the clock by the screen, and she said: "Let's go home, Carl. That meeting must be over now, and daddy will be waiting for us. We'll go round by the station and pick up your bag. Is it heavy to carry?"

He shook his head. "It is only for the night. I have not many clothes in any case. I must now buy some, but they must be cheap."

They went out of the theatre; in the vestibule they stopped to do up their coats. She took his arm and they went out into the street; in the darkness the freezing wind hit them with a blast. She felt his sleeve, and said: "Is this the thickest coat you've got, Carl?"

"I must get a thicker one," he said. "I had not thought that England would be cold like this. It is as cold as Germany."

THEY bent against the wind and walked quickly, arm in arm, to the London Road station.

"Will you tell me one thing truthfully, Carl?" she asked him.

"If I know the answer, Jenny."

"Did you really have to come to England, Carl, to do your medical training? Couldn't you have done it in Australia, possibly?"

He looked down at her, smiling. "What questions you do ask!"

"You said you'd tell me."

"I could have done it in Australia," he said. "They grew so tired of seeing me in the office that at last they would have given me whatever I should want. I came to England because I wanted to find you again."

They turned into the bleak, shabby, covered cabway of the railway station, dimly lit for gas economy. "That's what I thought," she said. "It was very sweet of you to do that, Carl. To give up everything Australia has to offer and come back to Europe—after getting away once." She paused, and looked around her at the stained and dirty brickwork, at the antiquated building, at the wet streets in the blustering, windy night.

He laughed at her gently. "Australia is cold and wet in the winter," he said, "and there are dirty railway stations in Australia, too, and dirty streets."

They walked to the cloakroom and he handed in the ticket; they stood waiting while the porter went to fetch his bag. "Carl," she said. "Your hut up in the Howqua—that'll be all right, will it?" She looked up at him, half fearful. "You don't think it's like the other Charlie Zlinter's hut, with a door swinging open and a green loaf in the cupboard, and a possum or a rat nesting in the bed?"

He pressed her arm. "I also thought of that," he said. "I left everything there very clean, with no bedclothes or cloths at all, and with insect powder sprinkled all over. Billy Slim is to go there once each week and light a fire and open all the windows, and he has money for repairs, also. It will be there clean and waiting for us when we can get back to it, when we can get away from Europe for a second time."

"We'll get back to it, all right," she said. "Someday, somehow, we'll get back there again."

THE END

"The Far Country" is published in book form by Heinemann, price 12s. 6d.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN FLIES

Continued from page 12

saying to mother yesterday. 'You see, he'll be along. But not for my business. He come in with a dead corpsus.' We know that, eh? Now you tell me more and I go to work. Anything for you, sir." Charlie got up and walked to the window, a squat figure in a wrinkled tussore suit. He fidgeted with the edge of the window curtain restlessly, then turned quickly. "No?"

Furse smiled. "Your instinct's sound, Charlie—but you're going too fast. I just want you to look after this envelope for me. Later—I hope—I'll do a lot of explaining and shall want your help."

"What's the percentage?"

"It might run as high as fifty."

"Fifty!" Charlie blinked. "That's very high, sir. You say that to other men, sir, and you are in trouble. With me, I won't hold you to your generosity." He came over and took the envelope. "It's sealed. When a thing is shut up like that, sir, I don't guarantee my curiosity won't get too strong."

"You can open it now. It won't mean a thing to you."

"In that case," said Charlie, "I leave it sealed. You sure you don't want help now?"

"I'm all right. Tell me—do you know a man called Anselm Dekker? A nice little chap who swims quite well and can't keep his hands off other people's property?"

"Maybe. . . . *Inlichting, renseignements, informazione.* . . . Can't run my business without it. I didn't know he was a swimmer."

"Who does he work for?"

"Himself. Doesn't every man? But you pay him a hundred guilders and he works for anyone. He must be in a friendly mood to tell you his real name."

"Friendly—and very sure of himself. What about Mynheer Herman Molenaar?"

"No, sir. You keep away from him. What he don't know—which is a lot—he is very good at guessing. Also he is patient like a monument."

"And a girl called Constanta Straatsma?"

"You in trouble with a woman?"

"No. I got that over some time ago. Do you know this girl?"

"No."

"That's the lot then. You hold on to that envelope and, maybe, in a few days I'll get in touch with you."

Charlie came over and shook his head. His eyes were sad and for a moment his underlip trembled like that of a small boy who has been unjustly scolded. "Major Furse, sir, that's not the lot. You don't ask me anything about a man called Sluiter who is dead on your boat."

Furse stood up. "Why should I, Charlie? I know you know him. You gave him a reference to me in England. But I know you can't tell me anything about him which would help."

Charlie tapped his head. "In here lot of stuff I don't put on the counter, sir. You try me."

Furse went to the window. Outside he could see the massed trees in the park and beyond them the grey sweep of the Maas backed by wharfs and the rising trellis-work of derricks. Momentarily he was tempted to tell Charlie everything, but some inner caution held him back.

"Why did Sluiter go to England?" He turned, watching Charlie.

Charlie shrugged his shoulders. "You tell me."

Furse shook his head. "You see—you can't help yet. Later. . . .", And then, because he liked Charlie, wanted to ease his disappointment, and, maybe, lighten his own load a little, he went on, "Do you ever handle jewellery?"

AT once the dejection went from Charlie and the creases in the tussore suit seemed to smooth out as he squared himself up, alert and suspicious.

"You got to have the answer to that, sir?"

"Not if you don't want to tell me. All I want to know is could you . . . if?"

"Maybe I do it once or twice, but it is not my line. I stick to the river here . . . this beautiful, muddy Maas and all the lovely boats which come and go. Maybe, though, I do it sometimes."

"Where? Antwerp?"

Charlie laughed, horrified. "Antwerp—my jeepers, no! Anyone want trouble, let them try Antwerp with that kind of stuff. You should know where I unloaded the last lot, I think. England."

Furse stiffened. Suddenly the room was very still, poised outside time for a moment, fragmented into a scene which he seemed to be recalling from some old forgotten dream. "What do you mean?"

Charlie flexed his lips into a wry pout. "Don't you go getting angry now, sir. I just told you it was some stuff. I don't say it was all watches—but if you liked to believe that, O.K., sir. It is better for us both."

"Which trip was this, you damned old rogue?" Life was moving again. It was no good; somewhere inside him the power to be angry with Charlie had long gone.

"The first one you did. It was with the watches. But don't worry, it is all finished with. I've got a bad habit of using my friends. With you I don't get used to that."

"You ought to let people settle for themselves what risks they'll take."

Charlie shook his head. "No, sir. The first time a man does our kind of work he says he begins with a little risk, just to work into it. He's wrong. First time—take a big risk. That's when it's safest."

FURSE was really enjoying the sun when Anselm Dekker came up to him. He gave him a half-smile rather than a frown simply because it was less effort. The paintwork of the seat overlooking the river was hot, comforting his skin through his clothes. Out on the muddy tide a couple of boys were handling a tub of a rowing-boat, its bows patched in raw, unvarnished wood, with a dexterity which was pleasing to watch. Somewhere upstream a load of orange crates had been spilled over a ship's side, and they were salvaging the water-logged boxes as they came racing down on the ebb. Both of them shouted with husky, slum-damped voices as they hauled the boxes over the side.

Dekker squeezed himself on to the few inches of seat left beyond Furse's sprawling feet and began to roll himself a cigarette.

"How's the family?" Furse asked.

"Fine." Dekker gave him a meek grin and shrugged his shoulders. He nipped the loose tobacco from the end of his cigarette and brought out a lighter, an expensive lighter with a little design of grapes and vine leaves in *cloisonné* on its sides.

"Where did you pick that up?" Furse asked.

"Off an American—he was very drunk. My wife . . ." Dekker puckered his mouth over the flame as he lit his cigarette, "my wife is very annoyed with you. The water has made my suit shrink."

"You can hand it on to one of your boys."

As he spoke Furse was considering the lack of surprise which Dekker's appearance had caused him. It was a development which he had expected, but half hoped would not happen. He could meet Dekker banteringly, but his real mood was quite different. A man had been murdered in an unsuccessful attempt to take information from him. Furse now had that information. It was obvious that he must be a person of great interest to whoever had engineered Sluiter's death. It was an interest he did not welcome.

"The boss would like to see you," said Dekker.

"That's what I thought when I saw you sit down. I don't want to see him, though."

"You should come. He will only have to pay more money to have someone else persuade you. They would not be as polite as I am. I believe in politeness—up to a point."

"I'm glad to hear it. I'll forget that you called me a lousy swab when I dropped you in the water."

"The shock—for a moment I forgot myself."

Furse rolled his feet off the bench and stood up. Don't think it's a joke, he told himself. That's how Dekker presents it, that's how I handle it, but both of us are really doing no more than put a polish on ugliness.

They walked slowly under the plane trees along the length of the Willemskade and then skirted around the Royal Maas Yacht haven. The tall masts of the berthed yachts reached up above the dark trees and the grey faces of the surrounding buildings, with a blinding, ivory hardness, and he thought of the prosperous Rotterdam merchants who did most of their sailing over schnapps and large meals in the club restaurant.

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wet? Money in the wrong hands. When this thing came off he would know what to do.

"In here."

It was a block of flats overlooking the river. Plain freestone went up in a smooth run, and over each window was a little canvas cockleshell of a canopy in striped colours.

There was a cool sweep of tiled hallway and then a lift about the size of a large coffin, highly varnished and with expensive fittings and a faint smell of eau-de-Cologne from the last passenger. Dekker stood in front of Furse, and he saw that on the centre of the man's head was a brown little patch of baldness as though someone had carelessly left a cigarette burning there sometime. They stepped out on the fifth floor, leaving the eau-de-Cologne laced with the smell of Dekker's close-cut tobacco.

"What's his name?" Furse asked.

"Ninus Rohner."

Dekker spoke in a quiet, almost awed voice as though he were in church. The corridor had something to do with it. The lighting was bashful behind panes of yellow frosted glass shaped like bishop's mitres, and the thick carpet gave little gasps of indignation as they trod on it.

DEKKER stopped at a door. He nipped off the burning tip of his cigarette into a sandbowl of heavy brass and stuck the dog-end in his breast-pocket.

They went in. The two people inside might have been posing for a photograph. Ninus Rohner stood by the window with his arm loosely round a woman's waist. He was a tall, boyish-looking man of forty, with a fresh complexion and a face which had an air of slight over-breeding. His eyes were pale blue and humorous. His hair was crisp with a slight touch of gold in it and he had a finely strung, restless body.

Altogether he was a little too good-looking for any man to trust him. His clothes were good, and he wore them with a suggestion of carelessness which, Furse guessed, belied the thought he gave to them. He guessed further and decided that Ninus Rohner was a man who saw himself in the part of a frank, eager personality, anxious for all the world to be his friend.

"I'm glad you've come, Mr. Furse. Won't you please sit down?" Rohner drew his arm away from the woman and waved to a chair. "Elsa said you wouldn't come."

Elsa was silent. She turned to a small table and poured some sherry into a glass. She was tall and dark, with an expensive face that owed little of its attraction to Nature. She came over to Furse carrying a glass. With the movement of her body under the black cocktail dress, the poise of her arms and the way she walked, Nature came back into its own.

"Sherry, Mr. Furse?" It was a soft, friendly voice which for a moment isolated the two of them. If they had been alone, Furse thought, it would have put him on his guard against himself.

"All right, Dekker." Rohner gave the man a friendly nod. Furse heard the door shut and in his imagination saw Dekker walk like a sidesman back to the lift, fishing for his dog-end in his breast-pocket.

"What do you want to see me about?" he asked.

"You are alone in Rotterdam. I thought you might welcome a little company." Rohner's English and his accent were good.

"I like to choose my own company," said Furse sharply. Somewhere over by the window he heard Elsa laugh gently and he saw Rohner's lips tighten so that they became mean and spoiled his smile.

"I thought we could straighten this out between us in a friendly way, Mr. Furse."

"Perhaps we're the wrong two people."

Rohner caught the stubborn antagonism behind the words, understood the suspicion and strength in this man. He was being difficult. Very well . . . for the moment he could be patient.

"No. We're the only two people. And we understand one another. For the moment I'll concede that you are in a very strong position. By the way, what did you think of Mynheer Herman Molenaar?"

"He doesn't dress as well as you. His English isn't so good either. But I'd rather do business with him."

Rohner stared shrewdly at Furse. "If you'd any intention of doing business with Molenaar you would already have done it. You haven't, and you never will. That puts us into the same class. Sluiter's stuff was handed over to the police. But not all of it. You kept back certain things, Mr. Furse. I don't blame you for keeping them back. I'm only annoyed that the opportunity came to you instead of me. However, this thing is too big for one man to handle. You must have realized that. Eventually you will need help. I'm offering to help you, Mr. Furse, or—to make it simpler for you—to buy out your interest in this affair."

Furse helped himself to a cigarette from a Delft-ware box on the table and Rohner held out a lighter to him. He knew that this was another step into the labyrinth . . . somewhere in

"'He seems normal . . . he seems normal. . . .'
Was that all you could think of to say?"

the heart lay the prize. But should he go on? He could still return, go to Molenaar, or even keep his own counsel and go back to England. . . . A quarter of a million, he told himself. Keep that thought clear.

"Well?" Rohner was waiting.

Furse looked round the flat. It was a triumph of bad taste over expense. The only thing he would have kept was a Van Huysum floral painting which badly needed cleaning.

Furse said: "I've got a boy at an expensive public school. As he grows older his tastes and his professional training will be expensive, too. I want a house with some acres around it. I have a good boat, as Dekker has probably reported to you, but I'd like a better one. And that's only the beginning. Do you still think you can buy me out?"

Rohner laughed pleasantly. "Let's forget that suggestion. It was made in the hope that you might prefer a quick, small profit and a minimum of risk. But we could still work together."

"But why should I choose you as a partner?"

"Because I could make it damned awkward for you if you chose anyone else."

Furse shook his head. "I'm not looking for a partner."

Rohner sighed and gave Elsa a quick glance as though he expected some sympathy from her over Furse's obtuseness.

"At the moment you are wasting your time, Ninus," she said. "I think you should give Mr. Furse a chance to think it over."

"I'm sure I can make Mr. Furse see what a reasonable proposition it is." He went to a door beyond the floral painting and opened it.

"Pieter!" he called.

PIETER came in. He had fair hair, a stupidly handsome face and friendly eyes. He was dressed in a striped vest and flannel trousers and could have made an easy living selling photographs of himself to health and strength magazines. Furse got the impression that if the man were not careful how he moved, his enormous muscles would be thrown out of gear and he would trip up.

"Pieter," said Rohner quietly, as though addressing a child. "This is Mr. Furse. I want you to meet him because he may be working with us."

Pieter dipped his head gravely.

"Ninus—you're being far too impatient." Elsa came forward. "You must give Mr. Furse time to think it over."

"I have thought it over." Furse moved behind the table in the centre of the room. He did not trust the friendliness in Pieter's eyes. He moved to the door and Elsa came with him. No attempt was made to stop him from going.

When Furse had gone, Elsa came back to Rohner. She stood before him, biting her lower lip gently.

"Well?" she asked.

Rohner shrugged his shoulders.

"I dislike the English, anyway. But to me he's just a stupid half-pay officer type. Hard up, good in a fight. He had a bit of luck with Sluiter, and at the moment he thinks he can handle it. That won't last long. However, we'll play it carefully if you like."

There was a telephone booth in the hall of Furse's hotel. He got on to Charlie and asked him about Rohner. Charlie knew him and disliked him. He was half Dutch, half French. His father—who had married a Dutch schoolmistress—had been a bank clerk in the Amsterdam branch of the Crédit Lyonnais. Rohner had inherited all of his father's shrewd reverence for money and none of his honesty in acquiring it.

As for Rohner's wife, Charlie did not know a lot about her except that he doubted whether she was married. Her real name was Elsa Lieven and, during the war, she had worked as a nurse in a military hospital. One thing he knew about her for certain—she could be twice as ruthless as Rohner.

"You listen, sir. You stay away

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

from them. Damn, what kind of people you are meeting? Now I begin to get worried. You know how many bodies they pick out of the Maas each year? Not half as many that go in and never come up. Look, what the hell you do?"

"It's all right Charlie. I don't need you yet."

"If you're knowing Rohner, you need me. You find that out very quickly. How long you stay in Rotterdam?"

"I'm leaving tomorrow morning. My boat's down at Dintelsaas. I came up by train."

Alone in the shabby hotel, Furse wondered why he did not pay his bill and get back to Dintelsaas that night. At the back of his mind he knew the answer. The girl Constanta had said she would be getting into Rotterdam that evening. He knew where her barge would tie up over on the other side of the river beyond the Katendrecht quarter. He wanted to see her. He wasn't sure that he believed the story of machine parts from England. Rohner, Sluiter and this girl . . . did they all tie up together?

He began to think of the file of papers he had gone through in Sluiter's case and of the little square of paper he had given Charlie. One of the letters he had torn up had referred to the "Haringvliet project." The Haringvliet was part of one of the mouths of the River Maas that flowed out to the North Sea, and was flanked on one side by the islands of Overflakkee and Goeree, and on the other by Beijerland and Voorne. He was not far from it at Dintelsaas, and somewhere in that stretch of water lay the answer to what he wanted.

The hotel proprietor, a fat, comfortable creature in a dirty shirt and alpaca jacket, came to his room and told him he was wanted on the telephone. Furse asked him:

"Have you ever heard of a place called the Seven Flies?"

The man thought for a moment and then shook his head. "No. There's a restaurant in Amsterdam called the Five Flies. Very famous. Seven Flies, no."

He took the call. It was Elsa.

"I want to see you. It's important."

"Where?"

"There's a dance hall called the Driebruggen, the Three Bridges, near the station. About eight o'clock tonight."

THE Driebruggen Club, Furse discovered, was a large, sprawling wood and asbestos building. It had a couple of bars, a large dance hall and a small garden at the back hedged with long banks of thuja in tubs. At the far end of the hall, the orchestra was seated on three little bridges against a backdrop of yellow and green polder country, windmills and angular Friesian cows. The lighting was bad, the band indifferent; and over the whole place hung a sad lethargy as though everyone present had long given up the preposterous pretence of enjoying themselves.

Furse seated himself in an angle of the hall and called a waiter.

He had just finished his drink when Elsa arrived. She gave him her hand as he rose, and left it in his a shade longer than their relationship warranted.

She wore a green frock with a rather tight little coral necklace around her throat, and a loose summer coat with large pockets. She smelled expensive. He had the feeling that the better he got to know her the less he would trust her, but that had no effect on his liking her. It was the easiest thing in the world to like people without approving of them.

"If Ninus knew I were here there would be trouble."

"I've a feeling there's going to be trouble anyway."

"Not if you're sensible and clever."

"You're setting me a high standard."

She laughed, making a movement of her eyebrows which was attractive.

"Let's dance," she said. "I find it easier to talk that way."

They went round the floor twice before a word was spoken. It was a long time since he had held a woman as closely as he was holding Elsa now. He liked the way she snuggled into his shoulder and the way she moved with him. But, curiously, his thoughts took him to Constanta, and he wished he were dancing with her instead, seeing in imagination the quick flush of her smile and the clean movement of her body. It was odd how she had kept coming into his mind.

"How well did you know Sluiter?" he asked Elsa.

"I'd met him once or twice. Ninus knew him. They worked together for the Allies at one time."

"You speak English very well."

"Ninus—and some officers I knew during the war—taught me."

"Ever been to England?"

Looking down he saw her smiling at him. "No," she said. "But if you've a spare berth on the way back, I'll come with you."

He took her round past a table full of solid citizens who were sweating over their schnapps and the effort of enjoying themselves.

"How did your husband come to know so much of Sluiter's business? I'm sorry so many of my questions begin with 'How.'"

She shrugged her shoulders, breaking gently from him and walking towards the doorway which led into the garden. "I don't know." She moved closer to him. "Also—he's not my husband."

It was a warm night and the darkness of the shrub-banked garden was accentuated by the glow of lights from the town.

"If he were, something tells me you would still be just as uninhibited."

"It is a word I do not understand." She was standing very close to him. It was a warm night and very dark. Since there was going to be trouble, he thought, he might as well take what little comfort came with it. Yet even as he reached for her he knew that she had only stirred a hunger in him which she could not satisfy. In his mind it was someone else he was reaching to hold. He put his arms around her and she welcomed him with her mouth and her body. She would have kept his hunger alive longer, but he put her away and lit a cigarette for her.

"You can do better than that," she said.

"Perhaps."

"You kissed me as though you were thinking of someone else."

"I'm sorry."

"Never mind. You'll do better."

"What do you really want with me?"

She was silent for a moment.

"You don't ever intend to work with Ninus, do you?" she said.

"No."

"I knew it. When he realizes that, he'll be violent—and you can't go to the police. If you're clever, you and I can get over that. We can work together. You know why I'm talking to you like this?"

He laughed quietly, holding her by the elbows. "I've got a theory, but I'll keep it for a moment."

"I like you. I think we could work together. You can't expect me to say more than that."

They went back inside to their table and she opened her bag for her lipstick. Furse saw the edge of a dark-blue passport against the black leather lining.

"What do you suggest we do?" he asked.

She was silent for a while, arching her lips as she applied the lipstick.

"You must tell Ninus you will work with him. Then, when the right moment comes. . . . You and I——"

"I can fill in the rest of the story. When you get into the spare berth of mine, where do you see us going?"

WITH a hard emphasis in her words, as if a long-deferred ambition had come within sight, she said: "Some place where the sun shines more than one day out of seven; where you can go for a drive and not be in sight of your own church tower all day; where a woman can lie back and relax in the right company. That's where I want to go."

"You'll need a passport for that." As he spoke, he put out his hand and drew her handbag towards him. She made a half movement to stop him and then thought better of it. He took out her passport and opened it.

"It's a very good photograph of you. But the name's different. I thought you were called Elsa Lieven?"

"I've got another at home with my real name in it. I find it useful to have two sometimes."

"Naturally." He flipped the pages over and then handed the passport to her.

"Tell me," he said, "how long were you a nurse?"

"A nurse?" She was surprised. Then she smiled. "How did you know that?"

"It's not the occupation given in your passport—but I have other ways of picking up information."

She was silent for a moment. Then she said, almost approvingly, "Ninus has got you wrong, I can see that. You're going to give trouble—but not to me, not if we work together."

He could see she was watching him, not afraid of him, but trying to move ahead and intercept his thoughts. Sluiter, he guessed, must have been easy for her to handle.

"I wonder how long *our* partnership would last?" he asked gently. "Don't forget that Sluiter was murdered."

"Yes, Ninus told me."

"Sluiter was murdered because someone switched his insulin capsules. If it hadn't been for the fact that he

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changed his mind and came to me a day earlier than he had intended, he would have died in his hotel. You must have shown your hand too soon to make him change his mind."

Her mouth was a dark score on the beautifully composed face. He went on, sure of himself, yet glad of the anonymous company which drank and danced around them. "Someone had to be pretty close to Sluiter to be able to change his insulin. Very close. Closer than you and I have been so far. Do you want me to go on?"

"Why not? I don't blame you for thinking as you do. But you're quite wrong."

"Sorry." He stood up. "You told me you'd never been to England. Your passport shows a British exit stamp for the same day that Sluiter came to me. I'd say you offered him the same terms as you've just offered me—and he was fool enough to take you with him. For a trained nurse the rest was easy. No, thank you. Go back to Ninus and tell him I'm not looking for a partner."

As he moved away, she said one word in Dutch. He had never heard it in his life before, but he had no doubt of the vituperation it expressed.

It was a little before nine o'clock and he took a tram down to the Westplein by the river and began to walk up towards the Willems Bridge.

The tide was almost dead low and the Maas, under the night sky, was a great vein of reflection-shot malachite. Away to his left, car lights streamed across the lofty iron Willems Bridge and along the far bank a chain of floodlights patterned the darkness with stiff golden cones. Against the upcast haze of light, row after row of tall derricks stretched their angular necks like monstrous giraffes browsing on the smoke that hung over shipyards and refineries. Downstream a petrol waste valve flared from the edge of an oil depository, the red and blue flames twisting and swaying in the slight breeze.

He found himself thinking again about Constanta Straatsma. She would be in Rotterdam now. Her barge, the *Zeehond*, she had told him, always lay up at the Maxhaven, a dock on the other side of the river. He decided to go and see her.

He crossed the river by the Willems Bridge, and in a little while had lost himself. He turned down a side street towards the river and entered a small café to ask his way.

Four seamen were playing cards at a table in one corner, and the barman was scratching a label off the mirror behind the bar. He looked at Furse in the mirror and nodded.

"Cognac."

The man served him and Furse, as he paid, asked: "How do I find the Maxhaven?"

"Straight down the street. Go right, keeping behind the shipyard. Then, if you don't watch your step, you'll fall right in it. English?"

"Yes."

"What's your boat?"

"The *Arletta*."

"Never heard of her. What line?"

"Edward Furse, Limited."

"Never heard of it. What are you—steward?"

"No. Captain."

The barman grinned. "Sure. I own this bar, too. You don't have to tip me. I don't know what to do with my money as it is." He put his big hand over the change that lay between them and slid it into his pocket. Furse felt he was a man he could get to like easily. As he turned away from the bar and sat down at a table, a car drew up outside the place. A door slammed and there was the sound of the car moving away.

A man came into the bar. To his surprise Furse saw that it was Pieter. Pieter gave him a glance and then turned towards the barman.

"Coca-Cola."

Furse realized that Elsa had not sat long at her table after he had left her. Probably Rohner and Pieter had been waiting close by for her. He was a fool not to have thought of that. They had reached the point now where they hoped that violence would convince him of their intention not to be forced out of this business. If he asked for police protection, it would involve him in explanations he certainly did not want to give.

Furse drained his glass of cognac slowly. A core of frustration was hardening inside him. Sometimes he had been able to tell himself that, if he wished, he could withdraw from this whole affair. But, at this moment, there was no withdrawal except the ignominy, which his pride rejected at once, of going up to Pieter and asking to be taken to Rohner in order to make terms. The thought made him swear angrily to himself.

Pieter had half-finished his Coca-Cola and stood at the counter cracking his knuckles now and again, a sound which irritated the barman and made him glance over his shoulder testily.

Furse got up and went out. There was little light in the street and a faint breeze blowing up from the river brought a warm, damp smell of mud. After a while he heard Pieter's footsteps behind him. At the bottom of the street, he turned to the right and found himself in a narrow asphalt walk which ran along the back of the shipyard. On his left was a high wooden fence, on his right the long, blank-faced brick side of a factory. Half-way down the run of brick wall, a bracket lamp hung out over the path, giving a thin, unfriendly light. From beyond the wooden fence came the noise of riveting machines and the intermittent hiss of compressed air escaping.

Beyond the lamp Furse stopped. He heard Pieter coming steadily along and then saw him enter the aura of light. Pieter halted. Furse went on and now he saw that at the far end of the walk a car was drawn up broadside to him. A man got out of the car and began to come towards him.

Furse watched the man moving down on him. From behind he heard the approach of Pieter. With Pieter alone he could have made some kind of showing which would, at least, have left him his pride. With the two of them he would have no chance.

He turned and found a foothold on the runner at the bottom of the fence and reached for the top. He pulled himself up quickly, his feet drumming against the wooden boards. Then he dropped to the other side and began to run.

The yard was a great expanse of black and grey shadows, stretching away like an enormous waste to the dim sweep of the river. From ahead of him came the bicker of a drill, and on his right rose the enormous bulk of three cargo boats high and dry at the head of the slides. From the farthest ship came the snatch of men singing as the noise of the drill died, and then the sudden peacock-blue spread of an acetylene torch, flaring like an exotic flower against the night.

There was no pride in him now, only a quick desire to find company and safety. He was a fool to have left the café, he told himself. He should have stayed there in safety. . . . But there was no safety. Somewhere, sometime, Rohner would have come to him. . . . He was running down the darkness of an alley, running towards nothing, just pinning his hopes on movement like a hunted animal.

He saw Pieter's companion coming across the yard from his right and knew that he was being headed off from the ship where the men were working. He swung away from him, across a waste of loose cinders, twisting between piles of old boiler plates and the fantastic curves of rusty propellers. Another burst of flame from the acetylene torch showed him a landscape stiff and dead, a cold geometrical maze of shapes through which he ran, fending himself off with his hands from their hostile edges and blades.

The light died and he tripped over a length of steel rail. As he fell, rolling and bunching, he felt the scrape of loose cinders against the palms of his hands.

To be continued next week

ONE OF OUR SUBMARINES

Continued from page 15

of my journey south to my brand-new submarine.

It was a sweltering morning in late June when I walked once more through the entrance gate to Cammell Laird's. I was so eager to see my new command for the first time that instead of going straight to the submarine office I went down the yard towards the main basin to have a look at her.

Her name was *Storm*. She lay in the dusty water, riding high because she was still very light, unmistakably a submarine from the shape of her long, rounded pressure hull and the tapering bulge of her ballast tanks, but still, it seemed, a long way from completion.

Storm differed from *Saracen* especially in having radar, air-conditioning and an Oerlikon gun. But another important modification was causing an unexpected delay in the programme. Instructions had come through from the Admiralty only that week to convert one of the main ballast tanks to carry oil fuel, and so increase the submarine's cruising range by some hundreds of miles. This news confirmed what I had already heard: that all new-construction submarines were now destined for the Far East, where the distances from base to patrol area were immensely greater than anything we had yet experienced.

Presently, postponing closer inspection of my exciting new toy for the moment, I went off to see if I could find my engineer officer. I knew that his name was W. H. Ray, and that he had recently been promoted from chief engine-room artificer to warrant rank at an unusually early age, but I had not yet met him. Climbing the steps to the submarine office, I hoped we would take to each other. It was rather important that we should.

The Engineer Officer

I walked down a short corridor past glass-fronted cubicles until I came to a door marked "H.M.S. Storm: Engineer's Office." Someone was sitting inside in his shirt-sleeves tapping slowly at a typewriter. I opened the door and walked in.

The man at the desk stopped typing as I entered, and stood up diffidently. He was tall, younger-looking than I had expected, and had a large, handsome head covered with tight curls.

"Ray?" I said, and introduced myself as his new C.O. It was obvious that he had not heard who his commanding officer was going to be. I saw his eyes drop to the wavy stripes of the R.N.V.R. on my sleeve and could not help noticing the flicker of dismay that passed across his face. But he recovered quickly, came forward and shook hands with a polite smile.

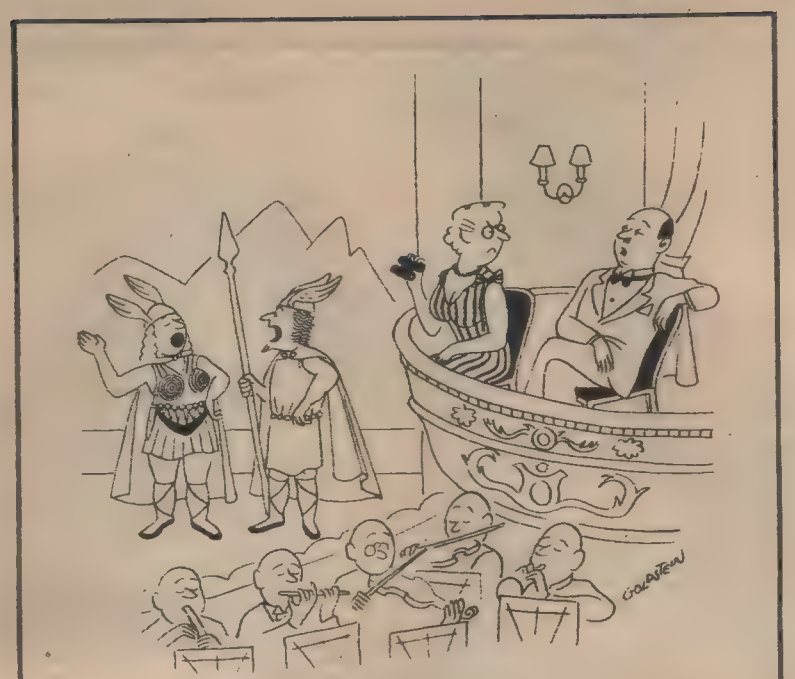
This was not a very good start. In a way, I could understand his point of view. He had been standing by *Storm* for something like a couple of months. He had ferreted around inside her when she was still on the stocks, hardly more than a shell. He had seen her launched, watched her gliding down the slipway to take the water with a great splash and lie wallowing like an empty barrel until the tugs took her and towed her into the basin where she now lay.

Knew Boat Inside-out

And then, during the last month, he had seen the installation of the main motors and the main engines and great batteries, and the construction of the maze of pipes for the compressed-air system, the low-pressure air system, the pumping and flooding system, the telemotor oil system, and all the intricate wiring of the electrical circuits. He had climbed inside every internal trimming tank, fresh-water tank, oil-fuel tank and store tank, and knew intimately each hole and corner of the submarine, not only from the engineering drawings but from personal inspection. *Storm* was his great pride.

And now, instead of the man of iron he had subconsciously been hoping for, they had sent a kid of an R.N.V.R. lieutenant to drive his precious submarine. He felt all the antagonism of the professional for the amateur.

However, there was nothing I could



"Who's winning?"

do about it for the moment. Time would have to show whether his fears were justified, and meanwhile there was plenty to do and talk about. He gave me a summary of the present state of the building programme. I suggested we go down to the boat and have a look through her internally, and we walked down together, the Chief beginning to thaw a little by now.

We stood for a moment looking at *Storm* from the wall, then crossed the gangway on to the casing and clambered down through the fore-hatch.

The heat below, with the sun beating straight down on the pressure hull overhead, was stifling. It was not easy to move about, dodging between the men working in the confined space, and picking our way over the bare steel decks among the coiled wire, lengths of piping, tool-boxes, welding leads, and a hundred other obstacles. The temporary lighting threw a harsh glare over the confusion and cast gaunt shadows into the curving recesses.

Six Weeks To Go

My heart sank when I saw how far everything was from completion. I simply did not believe that the mess could be sorted out within the six weeks which Morgan, the ship manager, had assured me would see the work finished. "They'll never make the date, Chief," I said as we stood looking round the control-room, but Chief, who knew what had already been accomplished since the launching a month ago, was content with the state of affairs. "She'll be ready on time," he said.

The crew arrived in batches, the key ratings first. When I received a message saying that the coxswain and all the seamen would be arriving shortly I thought it about time I had the rest of my officers to look after them, and sent an urgent signal to Captain Submarines 5, asking for Geoff Stuart and Brian Mills from *P.555* to join me as soon as possible as first lieutenant and navigator.

As torpedo officer he sent me a young man I had not come across before, Lieut. R. G. Wade, R.N.V.R., an insurance salesman in private life and with almost no submarine experience. Stuart and Mills had not had much more, and by comparison Chief and I felt like horny old veterans.

We commissioned on July 9, and gave the usual crowded party inside the boat. I sent a signal inviting Admiral Sir Max Horton, a submarine hero of the first World War, Admiral Submarines at the beginning of the present war, and now in Liverpool as Commander - in - Chief Western Approaches. He replied that he could not come to the party but would like to pay a visit to the submarine two mornings later. This was even better.

He arrived in a large car driven by a very beautiful Wren officer. After going through the boat both he and the beautiful Wren sat and talked with us in our wardroom for about half an hour. He told us several stories of his submarine adventures in the North Sea in the previous war.

On one occasion he had bottomed in 150 feet after being persistently hunted by the enemy. He had turned in to sleep, leaving one of his officers on watch in the control-room. Some hours later he woke up feeling something was wrong; he thought he detected a slight movement of the boat. He went into the control-room and found the depth-gauge still reading 120 feet; he tapped it, and to his horror it swung round to zero. "Up periscope," he roared, and sure enough they were sitting on the surface in broad daylight on a flat calm sea—luckily with not an enemy in sight.

Now, as I well knew, Max Horton was the dynamic force behind the gigantic effort to defeat the U-boats of this war, and on the threshold of turning the tide of the Atlantic battle. On parting he wished me good luck and said, "But you can thank your lucky stars you're not a German submarine."

At ten minutes to six on the evening of August 10, I was standing on the completed bridge, leaning over the side and watching my sailors on the casing preparing the wires for letting go.

Quickened Into Life

In her smart coat of navy grey, with her number painted in man-high white figures on the side of the bridge, and with a new White Ensign flying, *Storm* at last looked like one of His Majesty's submarines. It was thrilling to hear the familiar reports coming up the voice-pipe to Number One, and the *ting-ting* of the telegraph bell replying to the testing orders from the bridge. The ship was quickening into life.

There was no ceremony, but everyone was conscious of the occasion. I think even Chief found it difficult to sound matter-of-fact, when, for the first time, he came up from below and reported to me, "Main engines ready, sir." A tug was waiting in the middle of the basin, standing by in case anything should go wrong. The gate had already opened for us, and a slight swell from the river had come in to stir the sleeping water.

On the wall beside us a small bunch of the dockyard men, who had been putting the finishing touches at the last moment, were staying behind to watch the first venture of the ship they had built. The compulsory pilot was on the bridge with us, and so was Morgan, no doubt anxious that the ship should acquit herself well, and that her new captain would not damage her by crashing the basin wall.

I was, indeed, acutely aware of my responsibility for this fantastically complicated ship that had cost a year's work and more than £300,000 to build, but that only made the moment more exciting. I felt strangely calm and confident.

We were all ready. At exactly six by my watch I gave the orders "Obey telegraphs. Let go aft. Let go forrard." The dockyard wires were lifted off the bollards and fell into the water to be drawn up by the men on the wall. "Port thirty, Coxswain." We had been secured with our port side to the wall and our bow pointing away from the river. We should have to swing our stern right out into the middle of the basin and make a standing turn before we could go ahead through the gate. I gave my first movement order.

"Slow astern port."

Under Way At Last

Until we were clear of the basin and well out in the river, I should not be using the diesels, and all our first manoeuvres would be on the electric motors. "Port motor going astern, sir," reported the telegraphsman, and looking aft I could see a ripple growing in the water between us and the wall. Then the wall began sliding gently past. We were under way.

By going slow ahead starboard and half astern port, with my wheel hard over to port, I got her moving slowly astern with her tail swinging steadily out, and she came round, as docile as a horse that knows its master, until she was pointing straight at the middle of the open gate.

"Stop port. Midships. Slow ahead together."

When you have a small gap to negotiate it is wiser not to con the ship by helm orders, but to leave the steering to the man at the wheel. "Right, Coxswain," I said, "take her straight through the middle."

Chief Petty Officer Wells was a stolid, imperturbable sort of man with a twinkling eye, but I could tell by the way he answered "Aye, aye, sir," and lifted his burly head to watch his marks, that he was secretly pleased at having this confidence placed in him so early. We were plumb in the middle of the gap as we slid through it at about five knots, and then we were out in the Mersey. I took over control again with "Starboard fifteen," turning up river with the last of the flood.

Cheers For The Chief

I wish I could describe the exhilarating sensation of being in charge of a new ship that is slipping through the water under her own power for the first time. I stood on the raised step at the side of the periscope standards, observing the movements of other shipping, keeping an eye on the chart, enjoying the breeze on my face and excitedly aware of the great bulk of the submarine below me, thrusting forward through the water, her lines no longer obscured by the clutter of dockyard paraphernalia.

Going astern on the inside screw, we swung hard to port until we were facing down river and stemming the flood-water. There was very little shipping about, so we decided to try the diesels. They started at the first attempt with no trouble at all, and we cheered and gave Chief full marks.

We ran down river on the engines towards Alfred Lock, with the high buildings of Liverpool's waterfront some way off on our starboard bow, then went on to the motors for entering the lock. There was a nasty eddy across the entrance, but the pilot had warned me about it and I was lucky enough to judge it exactly right. We came gently to rest against the slimy lock wall, and Morgan, greatly relieved, said, "Very nicely, Captain, very nicely." I blushed with childish pleasure. Passing through the lock we secured on Tower Wharf.

On the morning of Saturday, August 21, we got away, proceeding

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down the Mersey in the wake of our escorting sloop, *Cutty Sark*, bound for the Clyde. At the Bar Lightship we dropped the pilot, pressed on into the deeper water of the open sea, and began to make preparations for our first dive.

Morgan and three or four other Cammell Laird technicians were on board for the trip north. Before diving they took the precaution of making their usual "vacuum test." This consisted of shutting the conning-tower hatch and running the air compressors for a few minutes until a partial vacuum was created inside the submarine.

If the barometers showed this was still holding at the end of five minutes, it was proof that there were no serious leaks in the hull or round the lips of any of the hatches. So we stopped engines, kept way on with one motor going slow ahead, and while I stayed on the bridge with only the coxswain and the signalman, the rest of the ship's company were battened down below having their eardrums pulled out.

Like A Ghost Ship

We idled through the listless water like a ghost ship manned by an invisible crew. It was an odd feeling, standing there in the bright daylight and the cool, salt air, with hatch and voice-pipe shut, cut off from contact with the fifty men sealed up in the hull below me. I sent the signalman climbing up on the periscope standards to secure a large red flag to the after periscope in readiness for the coming dive.

Presently an explosive roar in the voice-pipe told us the test was over. The hull cock in the control-room had been opened, and the air was forcing its way in through the narrow pipe to fill the vacuum. The hatch was flung open and Morgan emerged to say the test had been satisfactory and everything was now set for the dive.

"Call up *Cutty Sark*," I said to the signalman, "and make: 'Am about to carry out trim dive, towing buffs, speed approximately four knots, surfacing in about ten minutes.'"

While this message was being flashed across, I called down the voice-pipe for the second coxswain to come up on the bridge and stream the buffs. These buoys, together with the red flag on the after periscope, were to act as markers so that *Cutty Sark* could watch our position, keep out of our way, and know that we were all right. We had the three orange buoys on the end of a grass line long enough to reach the surface even if we got into trouble and stuck on the bottom.

The sea being calm, the second coxswain had no difficulty in dropping the buffs astern with the grass line towing clear of the propeller-guards. Meanwhile we changed over from bridge steering to control-room steering.

"Message passed, sir," reported the signalman. "And from *Cutty Sark*, sir, 'Good luck.'"

The great moment had arrived. I sent everyone below, shut the voice-pipe cocks (we had one each side of the bridge), and took a final look at *Cutty Sark*, now dropping back to take station on our port beam. Turning aft, I stepped down through the hatch. There was no hurry, for this was to be a dive in slow time. I had no intention of diving on the klaxon until the crew had reached a higher state of training.

Pulling the hatch lid down over my head, I pushed home the long-handled clips and inserted the safety pins. The conning-tower still smelt of fresh paint. Descending the ladder I was aware of a pleasurable excitement that was quite different from the anxiety I had felt when I dived *P.555* on my first day in command.

In the control-room the bright lights shone warmly on the new paintwork, the gleaming brasswork, and the white jerseys of the men waiting quietly at their diving stations. The signalman reached up and pulled the lower hatch shut with a hollow thump. "All set, Number One?" I said, and Geoff Stuart, his invariably white face looking paler than usual for the occasion, replied that everything was ready.

"Raise the forrard periscope." As we were still on the surface, the top window of the periscope was thirty-two feet above the sea and I seemed to be looking down at the water from a tremendous height. *Cutty Sark* was now three cables away on our port beam; it seemed that the whole of her ship's company was lining the starboard rail to watch us submerge. By depressing the top lens I could see our own bow as far aft as the fore hatch.

"Turn out the fore planes." The fore planes, unlike the after planes, were a few feet above the water-line, and on the surface it was usual to keep them folded in to avoid damage from pounding in rough seas. Through the periscope I watched them opening slowly outwards like a pair of entreating hands.

"Test fore and after planes, Number One," I said. I watched the fore planes tilting from the "rise" to the "dive" position and then back to "midships."

"Hydroplanes tested and found correct, sir," reported Stuart.

"Right, are you all ready, Mr. Morgan?"

"All ready, Captain."

This was it.

I said: "Group up. Slow ahead together. Open main vents. Take her down to thirty feet."

Until we met the enemy there would be no tenser moment for us than this first committing of our submarine to the deep. But the sensation of diving was limited, for everyone else in the boat, to what could be deduced from the needles moving on the depth-gauges.

Only I at the periscope could look down at the submarine rippling through the water and, as the main vents banged open, see her slumping and settling, the bow waves easing, the sea bubbling up into the free-flood spaces of the casing and forcing the air out through the perforations along the deck. It was as though I were mounted on the back of a great sea-beast plunging into his familiar element.

Storm Goes Under

Now the fore planes, tilted downwards like fins, were biting into the water, throwing up their individual flurries of spray, digging deeper, driving the submarine down by the head, until the deck was awash and the sea was spilling over it, a milky stream of disturbance, with little sprouting fountains thrown up by the last escaping pockets of air.

At the next lift of the almost imperceptible swell, the whole of the fore part of the submarine was abruptly under water, the dark shape of her swaying and dissolving into the sea's amorphous grey, the bow wave dying and only the taut jumping-wire still cutting through the water, but slipping down until it, too, was out of sight. As the surface came gliding steadily up towards me I felt a ridiculous impulse to hold my breath like a man caught on a rock with the rising tide up to his nose.

I turned away from the periscope. A quick glance at the depth-gauges and the hydroplane tell-tales showed me that Number One had everything under control. We were levelling off to the required depth as surely and confidently as an old campaigner.

Storm was a submarine at last.

NEXT WEEK: H.M.S. "Storm" sights her first enemy — a Jap submarine

"I love you, dear. Now, goodbye!"

MR. GRIFFITH COMES BACK TO THE LOOK-OUT

Continued from page 10

for duty. Observer-Commander Thompson drives nearly thirty miles to his operations room from his home at Kingston-on-Thames. Griffith, who lives at Cheam, has five miles to go. One girl at the Beckenham headquarters has to make a journey involving bicycle, train and three buses.

For their trouble, observers qualify for annual grants ranging from £2 for an ordinary observer to £4 for a chief observer and £50-£175 (which covers some travelling expenses) for officers. An extra 15s. is paid to those who pass the intermediate proficiency test every year, and 30s. to the most skilled who succeed in the master test.

"We try to see that our volunteers don't lose financially for their enthusiasm," says Air Commodore Vasse. In fact, however, despite the travel allowances, many observers find themselves out of pocket.

"For us," explains Griffith, "the incentive is the life. It's a recreation as much as a duty." Rural vigils have made expert naturalists and ornithologists of many observers. During one recent exercise, an observer noticed two foxes in a covert ready to raid a farm whose livestock population was being steadily depleted. Stealthily, he crept down to the farmhouse on the other side of the hill and brought back an armed and grateful farmer.

Another observer once found himself alone on night watch surrounded by foxes. "I could see their eyes everywhere," he says. "It was the most eerie hour of my life."

Some post crews get a bird's-eye view of an entire village, and know more about its goings-on than even the most inquisitive local gossip. Not long ago, a wartime post was revived in the Home Counties. Its members, there for their first exercise, were amused and embarrassed by the unrestricted view they had of a bunkered hillside known thereabouts as "lovers' lane."

Moved To Blind Side

"The crew asked for the post to be moved," says an observer-commander. "We found them another neighbouring hilltop on the blind side of that romantic climb."

The Observer Corps was formed in 1925 from special constables detailed to look after aircraft spotting, and the first post was opened at Cranbrook, Kent. Peak strength of the Corps was 32,000 (including 4,300 women) during the last war, when more than 1,500 posts and forty operations rooms were manned.

In those days, the Corps had three main duties: keeping the R.A.F. informed of everything seen in the air; notifying civil defence of the track of enemy planes; and giving last-minute warnings to factories so that work could continue as long as possible. It was an observer who spotted the first flying bomb and gave the code-word "Diver." During the invasion of Normandy, seaborne observers served from ships in the Channel.

Nazi Chief Recognized

On the night of May 10, 1941, an observer in Durham noticed a Messerschmidt 110 flying north-east of Alnwick. From that moment, it was followed by successive observers on a course which took it over the border and across to the west of Scotland. At times it was as low as fifty feet.

Soon after eleven o'clock, the post at Eagleshaw reported that the plane had crashed on Bonnyton Moor, a few miles south-west of Glasgow. The pilot scowled through his dark eyebrows when interrogated by Major Graham Donald, assistant group officer at the Glasgow Observer Centre, and gave his name as Captain Alfred Horn. Donald recognized him, however. "This man," he told his incredulous seniors, "is Rudolph Hess."

In 1944, the R.O.C. introduced "Operation Granite," a system under which powerful red flares were lit along the path of any plane flying towards high ground. This was an official development of an unspecified service to "lame dogs" which observers had begun years earlier. "Granite" flares were set going ten miles ahead of any trouble-heading aircraft, on each side of its path. By March, 1945, 521 warnings had been given, and 261 planes were seen to take avoiding action.

As in wartime, post crews are today mainly made up of men. There are cases, however, of husband-and-wife and father-and-daughter teams, though most women observers join for operations room duties as plotters and tellers. Shortly after a recent recruiting drive had been launched, Griffith had an application from a woman who wanted to join his post, an all-male one.

She left a message asking him to call at an address in a suburb near Wallington. There, he met a glamorous blonde. "She looked just like a film star," he said. "I decided it might be wiser to let her find some other avenue of public service." THE END

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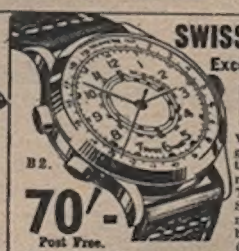

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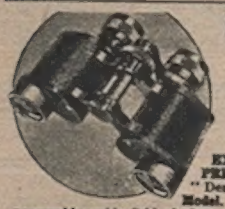

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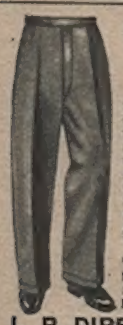

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TULYAR, LAZIEST HORSE AT THE WINNING POST

Continued from page 17

particularly impressed with the colt. It is reported that he would have sold Tulyar last winter, if anybody had offered £8,000.

"He did not tell me anything about it," says Marsh. "But it is just as well there was no sale. If Tulyar was put on the market today, he would fetch £200,000."

On the gallops at Newmarket neither Peter Stephens nor the stable jockey, Charlie Smirke, could make Tulyar go. He would flop lazily along, content to keep somewhere near his stable companions so long as it did not mean too much leg stretching. Then he would return to his box, eat an enormous meal of oats and fall asleep. Eating and sleeping is Tulyar's idea of life.

Knows The Racing Days

Marsh decided that the only way to train the horse was to keep him racing. So right at the beginning of the flat racing season, on the same day that the Grand National was being run, Tulyar was packed off to Hurst Park to run over seven furlongs for the Henry VIII Stakes, worth more than £2,300 to the winner.

When Tulyar was led into the paddock, and saw Charlie Smirke approaching in his chocolate and green hooped racing silks, his manner changed. He seemed to recognize the racing colours and know it was a racing day. He was entirely unlike the lazy rear-marker of Newmarket Heath.

He strode down to the post with a long, raking stride and came racing back to win by a length-and-a-half, with the favourite well behind in third place. Smirke had a comfortable ride and did not have to use his whip. And, in spite of Tulyar's laziness, Smirke has not touched him with a whip to this day.

Marsh now knew that he had a good stayer, but he still did not think he had an outstanding colt or a possible Derby winner. Eight days later, following his policy of keeping Tulyar in trim by work on the racecourse, he saddled him for the Derby Trial Stakes at Lingfield. The race is over the full Derby distance of one mile and a half and is run on a similar course, but this year it was something of a farce as a trial, for the horses crawled along at a slow pace for the first mile.

Then Charlie Smirke steered Tulyar clear of the ruck and just shook him up. The result was astonishing. Tulyar, the plodder, went galloping away on the hard ground, sprinting flat out with his belly right down to the turf, to leave the rest of the field behind. "Then, at last, I knew I had a Derby winner," says Marsh.

Just Enough To Win

Until that moment Tulyar's laziness had completely foxed his trainer. Even Smirke had not been able to read the horse aright. "When I shake him up," says Charlie, "Tulyar just goes to the front. Then he thinks he has done enough and begins to stop. He will go on racing if I ask him to, but he won't go a yard faster than is necessary to win."

By Derby day, punters were well aware of the potential ability of the Aga Khan's horse. A few weeks before, Tulyar had been quoted at 40 to 1 in the betting. The day before he stood at 100—7. Then came a rush of money. He started at 11—2.

How Tulyar trounced the French challengers and the rest of the field is now well known. What is not so well known is the fact that the colt had the race well won a quarter of a mile from home. He was going better than every other horse, but Smirke had been given orders not to take Tulyar in front until two furlongs from home, in case the horse decided to stop once he was in the lead.

At the crucial moment Smirke ignored his instructions and went to the front, trusting to Tulyar's newly discovered speed. The speed did not fail. Neither did Tulyar's courage and determination. He put his head down

and raced up the last four furlongs without a moment of hesitation. And the ground that day was as hard as a concrete road.

The Derby put more than £20,000 to Tulyar's account, and he was still entered in the most valuable race of the English calendar, the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot. But it was no good keeping him at home to eat his head off and sleep in his box. To keep him awake, he was sent out a week before the big race to tackle the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown.

The prize money of just under £10,000 made the gallop rather more profitable than an early morning jaunt over Newmarket Heath, although Tulyar took it just as easily.

There were two problems to tackle in the Ascot race, in which Tulyar was up against the finest horses of Britain, France, Italy and Germany. One was keeping the horse tuned up, and the other was getting the jockey fined down.

Charlie Smirke, who had ridden Tulyar at nine stone in his earlier races, had to waste down to eight stone four pounds for the big race. Even by Turkish baths, starvation and, for the last twenty-four hours, complete dehydration by going without all drink, he could get down to only eight stone six pounds. But Marsh had such faith in the combination of Tulyar with the stable jockey that he accepted the risk of putting up two pounds overweight.

Once again, Smirke waited with Tulyar in the great race, which was worth more than £23,000 to the winner. "I always felt like winning, and I won easily," he says. Yet, except to the experts, it did not look like an easy win. Smirke did not go into the lead until he was two hundred yards from the winning post. In a flash Tulyar was half a length in front. That was enough work for Tulyar, whose laziness once again took command. Gay Time, also second to him in the Derby, raced on and was only beaten by a neck for second place.

Not Retiring Yet

After the race, Tulyar retired to Newmarket and his life of ease. Which gave Marsh more worry about his preparation for the St. Leger.

Tulyar is booked for a long winter's rest, after the St. Leger, but the Aga Khan is not going to retire the most valuable horse on the turf. Next season there is another strenuous programme, although it will not include the famous stayer's race, the Ascot Gold Cup.

"Preparation for the Gold Cup is likely to take too much out of a horse, and may spoil him as a sire," says Marsh. "Tulyar's best distance is around a mile and a half, and we shall keep him to about that distance."

Even so, the programme is ambitious enough: the Coronation Cup at Epsom over the Derby course; another Eclipse Stakes; another crack at the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes; and finally the great French race, the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, worth about £35,000.

If Tulyar cleans up the rest of his programme—and he seems quite capable of it—he will retire with about £150,000 to his credit: more than three times the record of any other racehorse.

But this means less than a feed of oats to Tulyar. All he knows is that when he sees green-and-chocolate coloured silk, it is time to gallop. And his gallop is one of the most extraordinary of all time: for he strides out and brings his belly so low that he looks like a horse in an early nineteenth-century sporting print.

The other mark of his greatness is the fact that he can race equally well on brick-hard course and in clinging mud. Neither the going nor the pace has ever shaken him. In fact, he is the greatest racing "machine" that ever stood on three legs. THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The picture on the cup on page 20 is of Albert Einstein as a child. Photograph by Lotte Jacobi, New York.

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£200 1st Prize—£50 amongst 1st Runners-up—Up to 500 Prizes for 2nd Runners-up

INSTRUCTIONS: First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil. Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Oct. 4.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

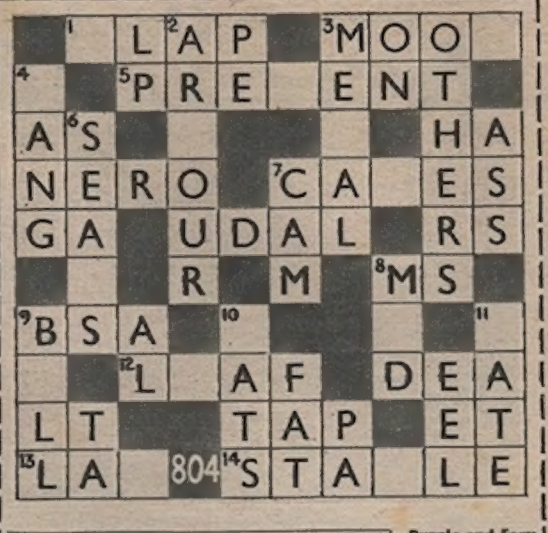
ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword No. 804, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Across Clues XWORD 804

1. The way an audience responds can be to give a comedian this
3. Rises romantically above many a grim, unlovely city
5. Play is something a producer may wish to
7. There are times when candles are useful for them
12. An extra one can be handy when you've company for tea
13. It's regrettable when police break one
14. Let us not hastily abandon hope that cotton will again be such an industry in Lancashire

Down Clues

2. Fortified by this, troops will fight better
3. This is not thought so much of when the war is over
4. One can be frightening, particularly if you're a nervous person
6. They are popular at zoos
8. A reformer in advance of his times has in some cases been treated as
9. One sometimes sounds the alarm
10. For some very strange reason they can find their way about without seeing
11. A man's union decides his



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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XWORD 804

Closing Postmark MONDAY, SEPT. 22

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XWORD 799 RESULT

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Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 14 entrants, each of whom receives Summer Surprise Parcel in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

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"Bullets" Winners No. 1,847

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£50: V. Mace, High Street, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos: ON THE BRIGHT SIDE—LOOK—IT *Eases* "STRAIN"!

£25: H. Wright, 23 College Street, Northfleet, Kent: PRIZE TO BE WON—ANNUALLY—MAKE DRIVING LICENCE!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: E. Brown, 15 Bernard Street, Nottingham: WE FLY TODAY, BUT—*More* "CAGES" THAN EVER. £9: Mrs. E. M. Brinkhurst, 131 Woodstock Avenue, N.W.11: DIDN'T STOP TO HELP—ANYBODY—SO "PASSING UNNOTICED." £8: H. High, 51 Edilom Road, Crumpsall, Manchester: FROM WISDOM'S WELL—GRANDPA'S REMARKS? NEED "REFINING"! £7: C. Livingston, 295 Tweedsmuir Road, Cardonald, Glasgow: READY TO RUN—FOR *World* PRESIDENT, JOE! £6: A. Barnes, 8 Parkmore Terrace, Brighton: MAN WITH A PITCHFORK — DON'T CONSCRIPT — *Already* "ARMED"! £5: A. Black, 126 Darnley Road, Gravesend: PRIZE TO BE WON—BY DAD, "*My* DAD—" £5: P. Gee, "Kenmore," Ladythorn Road, Bramhall, Cheshire: COVERED WITH GREENFLY—CONVOLVULUS COVERING DAD'S BEANS!

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in merit order; test—cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not over 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank given.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated October 11, and in JOHN BULL dated October 18), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, October 4, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,852 result.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

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Now There Are Two
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Makes Her Tired
Deserves A Medal
Lord Turnstyle
Should Be Good
Grandpa's A Marvel, But
With A Pickaxe
What The Elephant Forgot

Incomplete "Examples" see instructions

We Dream Of.....And
Girl In A.....
Trying To Be.....
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1 lb. Plums 2 teasp. Bird's Custard Powder
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Bake and cool pastry case. Make a syrup of the sugar and water. Peel and halve the pears, and cook until tender in the syrup. Then place the plums in the syrup. Cook slowly until tender and remove them carefully from the syrup. Mix the custard powder with a tablespoonful of water and stir into the syrup. Stir and cook to thicken the syrup. Arrange the fruit in a cooked pastry case, pour the syrup over it and decorate when cool with whipped custard topping.

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